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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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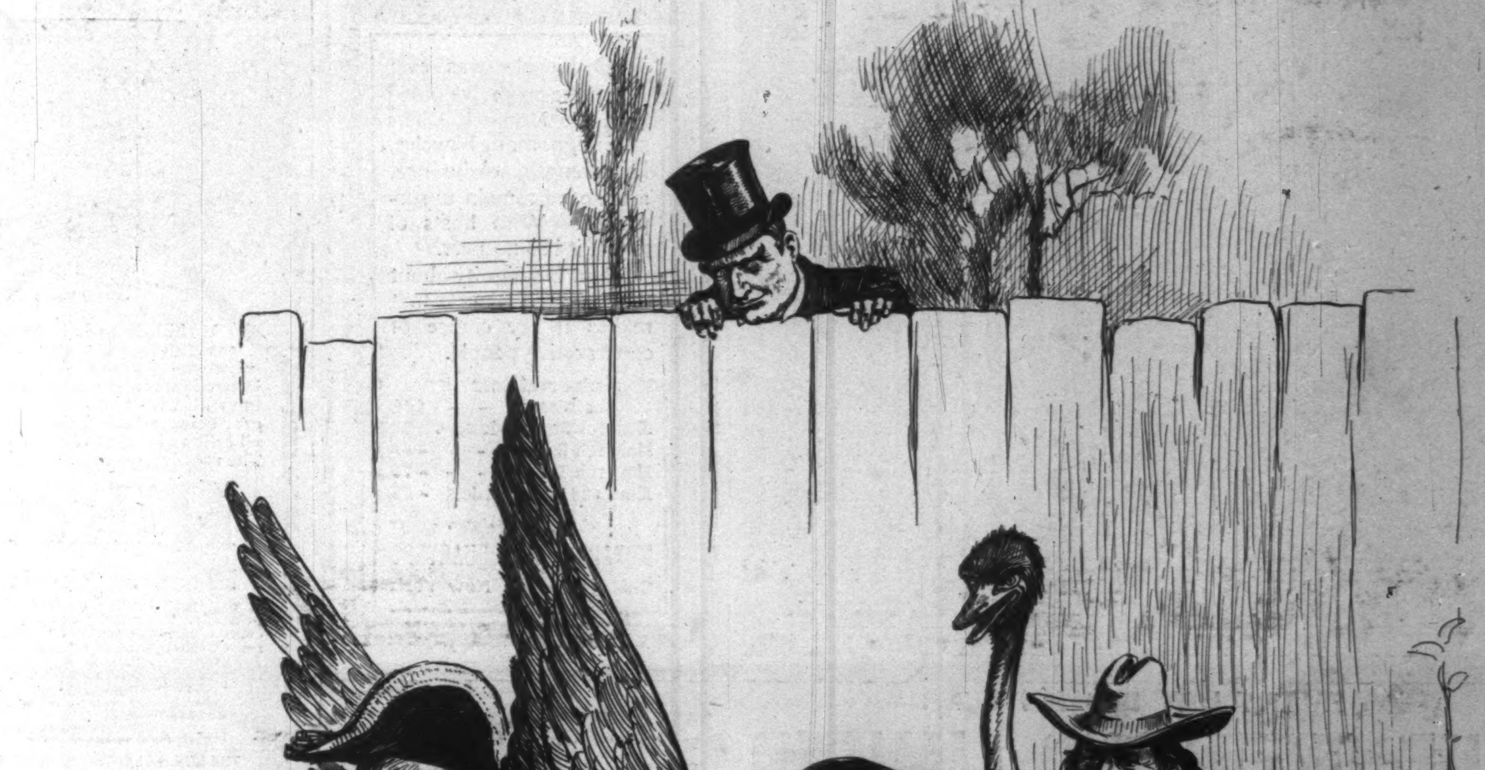

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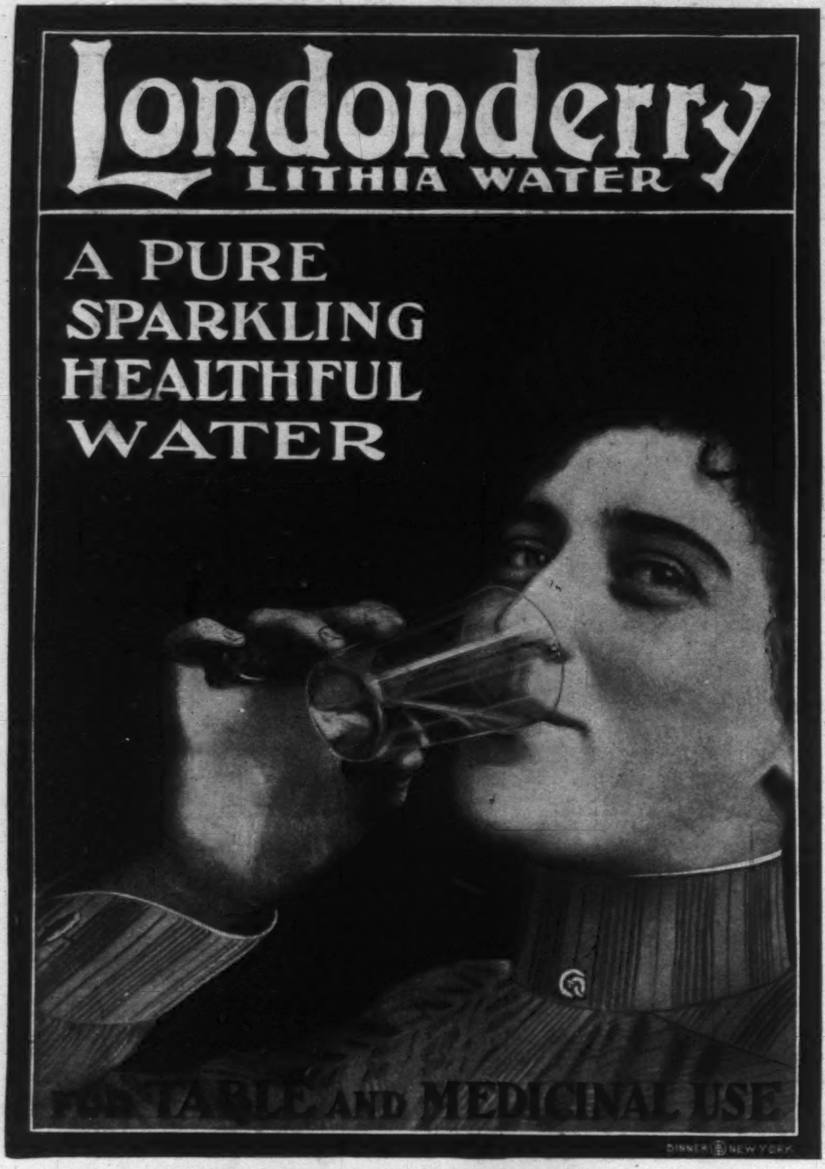

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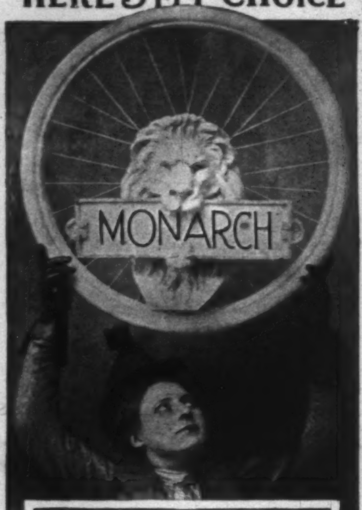

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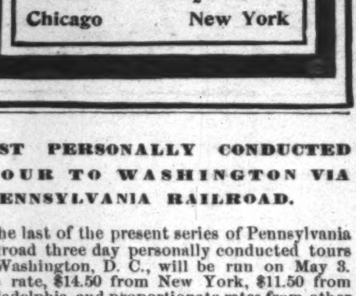

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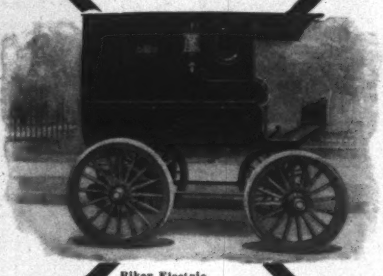

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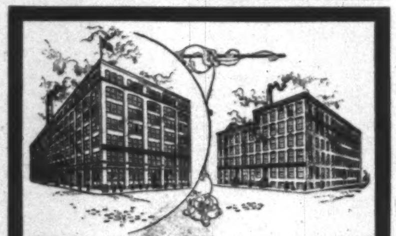

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1900

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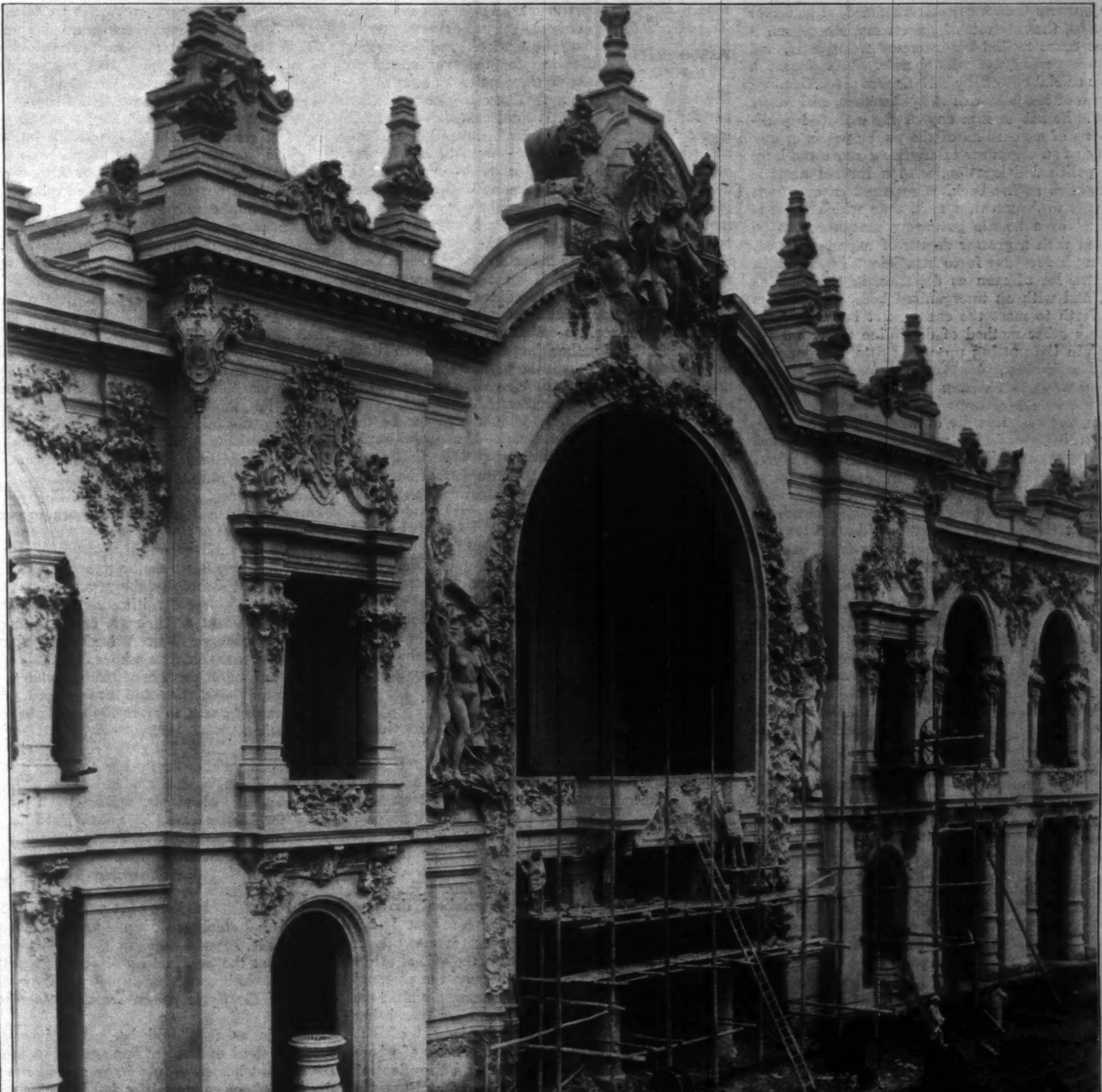

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(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

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A Police Defect

THE recent labor troubles at Croton direct public attention anew to a serious defect in the police system of the State, and since the same general conditions prevail everywhere throughout the country, the question of what shall be done properly to secure all citizens from outrage at the hands of the lawless is of more than merely local importance. In our large cities there is ample protection of property, but beyond the borders of the municipality, where the county officers guard, or endeavor to guard, the interests of the citizen, the citizen is apt at times to find his interests in jeopardy, and his own person not wholly safe. The sheriff, a public official chosen, by ballot, more often than not because of his pull with the politicians, and rarely because he has in him any of the essential qualifications of a guardian of the public peace, or any ability as an organizer of anything above the level of a political delegation, with a limited number of deputies at his back, is required in emergent moments to deal with a mob, than which there is no kind of a hostile gathering that needs to be handled with a greater degree of expert firmness. Finding his regular force insufficient, he swears in an extra lot of men as deputies, labels them as such, and with an unorganized body of followers goes forth to meet the enemy, not knowing himself any other method of discipline than that involved in the putting up of his fists, the flourishing of a revolver, or an expert command of profane speech. In short, a mob of rioters is to be overcome by a smaller mob of undisciplined individuals, the vast number of whom have been suddenly called from idleness into action, recruited oftener than not from the ranks of the loafers, and who are willing to take their chances in a free fight with the rioters, not because they are themselves any too nice about the maintenance of order, but because they want the fees and rather enjoy what they call a "scrap." No sensible man who has ever seen a body of newly sworn deputy-sheriffs would be willing to risk anything he valued to their tender care; and it is no uncommon sight in times of stress to find these very deputies, in a condition of drunken disorder equal to if not worse than that of the rioters themselves, fraternizing with the men they have come out to fight. In this immediate case at Croton the sheriff of Westchester County has had more trouble with his own men than up to the time of the arrival of the militia he had had with the strikers.

It would seem as if this condition of affairs ought to be remediable. In the little, as in the large, the isolated citizens of the State are entitled to some kind of organized protection against lawlessness. It happens occasionally, as in the Croton troubles, that the wrong-doing reaches proportions justifying the calling in of the military forces; but what of the many smaller instances of which we hear nothing, where the individual is forced to submit to intolerable conditions, although the principle involved is quite as important as in the more conspicuous?

We get a great deal from the State, and for this we should be devoutly thankful, but until some step is taken by which the safety of the isolated public is placed in the care of an organization somewhat less precarious than that of a sheriff's office, the man whose lines have fallen in the highways and byways of the country districts will not have had his just due meted out to him.

More Imperial Oppression

THE imperial government at Washington has again distinguished itself by an outrageous assertion of the rights of the American citizen to collect what is due him. This time our browbeating is against the Sultan of Turkey, who has owed us a trifle of $100,000 for something over five years, and who would in all likelihood continue to owe it to us for five years longer if the dastard policy of the Washington authorities did not interfere. The wickedness of the United States government in taking advantage of this unfortunate child of the East, this Washington of the Bosporus, at this time, must be evident to all. The Sultan of Turkey has his faults, and they are many, but at this moment, when he is probably being bothered to death to secure funds to provide new costumes for his large and interesting family, with spring bonnets ranging at prices which fill with envy the hearts of men in the steel industry of this country, and with, no doubt, a commendable desire to attend the Paris Exposition filling his soul, it is rank oppression incompatible with the principles of our forefathers to insist upon his paying the bill he owes.

We trust the nefarious project of the State Department has not escaped the vigilant eye of the Anti-Imperialistic League. Such arrant tyranny is worthy of the most inspired rebuke to be found in the Tooley anthology.

A Vice-Presidential Point

THE apparent certainty that the candidates of the great parties for the Presidency will be Messrs. McKinley and Bryan has resulted in a much greater interest in the Vice-Presidential nomination than is usual. It is a good sign. The office has not attracted the attention it merits, and the outlook indicates that the race for the nomination in one of the parties at least is going to be quite exciting. There is plenty of timber for it. Some of it is solid oak and some of it is mere veneer. We cannot believe that the veneered material is to be used—we hope not, in any event, particularly to-day, when we have had in our late Vice-President so conspicuous an example of the right man in the right place; so fine an instance of the heights of dignity and public esteem to which the office may be elevated by the man who is manifestly fitted for it. If New York wishes the nomination, it must take care to present the fittest of its candidates, neither a man too big for it nor a man too small for it. Both would prove a serious embarrassment to the head of the ticket, and rather than see the Empire State unfitly represented there the powers that be should take it elsewhere, and, in view of certain contingencies, rather West than East.

If McKinley and Long should prove to be the Republican standard-bearers, the Democrats would hardly let slip the opportunity to call forth Messrs. Bryan and Schley—and then we should have the whole sickening Santiago controversy reopened. We really think that, for the general good of the country, the absurd Woodruff boom should be abandoned; for if it is not, the nomination will go beyond the borders of the State, and if that happens the man from Massachusetts may come in. We esteem Secretary Long very highly, but it is easy to see what his candidacy would involve, and nothing could be more painful than a national campaign in which an undignified squabble between two heroes as to which is the bigger should be the paramount issue.

The Messages and Papers of the Presidents

THAT is a very curious state of affairs that a New York newspaper exposes in the matter of the publication by Congress of the Messages and Papers of the Presidents. This monumental work, it seems, after having been prepared at the expense of the United States government, is now being sold for the private benefit of a number of individuals, one of them a member of Congress and a leader of his party, who has actually copyrighted the last seven volumes of the work in his own name. From the time of William Henry Harrison down to the day of William McKinley, the official utterances of the Presidents have become the personal property of the Hon. J. D. Richardson, and if the story be correct, these with others are now being sold in the open market for the benefit of Mr. Richardson and his two partners, neither of whom is the United States government or a President of the United States. Just what right Mr. Richardson has to do this is a question that many people are asking, and we hope they will keep on asking until they find out, for it is an interesting problem, which those who pay taxes are entitled to have solved.

No one doubts the right of the government to go into the publishing business if it finds it expedient to do so, but why the funds of the people should be diverted to the private uses of an individual or of a set of individuals is not wholly clear. If there is any settled principle of right in the matter, the sooner it shall be definitely established the better, so that others who are entitled to profit may lose no time in embarking upon such enterprises as may seem to invite their talents. If it is proper for Mr. J. D. Richardson to profit privately from the messages of the Presidents, we cannot see why it is not proper for Mr. William Sulzer to have issued at the government's expense a luxurious edition of the poems of Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, copyrighted in his own name; or for the Hon. David B. Henderson to secure the copyrighted publication on the people's account, for his own private benefit, of a Speaker's Jest-Book compiled from the witty utterances of the Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed.

Mr. Richardson, as matters stand at present, appears to be getting the cream of a vastly profitable business.

An Extravagant Department

THE situation suggests the propriety of a general overhauling of the government's printing business. This is a very expensive department of the public service, and while it undoubtedly accomplishes much good in certain directions, in certain other directions there are outlays which would seem to be extravagant. Let us take, for instance, the printed speeches of Mr. William Sulzer, of New York, which come to us on an average of one a week during Mr. Sulzer's loquacious season. We select Mr. Sulzer merely as a type, not because we have any special resentment against him. He is a harmless and amusing gentleman, but he is also a fair example of a kind of public speaker upon whose work the public money is wasted. The speeches are always entertaining, but they rarely have anything to do with the public welfare, and, therefore, why they should be printed and distributed at public expense we have never been able to ascertain. They fill no long-felt want. They are distinctly "yellow" in tone, but they lack the incisive force of similar material which appears in the "yellow" newspapers seven days of the week. They are, therefore, superfluous. They are occasionally barbaric in the splendor of their rhetoric, but they never rise to the level of a truly stirring outburst, such as one can hear almost any day from any one of the thousands of walking delegates and other agitators who throng our streets; and in their mirth-provoking qualities almost any one of Mr. Sulzer's constituents can get more fun at less expense to the public at the music-hall of Messrs. Weber & Field. If they dealt with great public questions and had any sincere purpose connected with the enactment of the laws of the nation, there could be no valid objection to their being printed, but as they stand, we see no more reason why they should be published by the government printing-office than the equally illuminating outbursts of Bath-house John of Chicago, or the stenographic reports of Mayor Van Wyck's interchange of courtesies with citizens who call at his office to talk with him on matters of public concern.

It would be a thousand times more profitable for the government to issue the complete works of Mr. Dooley.

A Righteous Judgment

THE bicycle is beginning to receive some of its rights, and those who make a living by stealing wheels belonging to others must hereafter have a care. A South Carolina justice has within the past few weeks made a ruling which has carried consternation into the brotherhood of bicycle-stealers and joy into the hearts of the wheelmen. With a judgment worthy of a Daniel, he held that stealing a bicycle was as bad as stealing a horse, because both could be ridden; and the prisoner at the bar, instead of serving thirty days with the chain-gang, must now undergo the delights of the State prison for five years at hard labor.

This is as it should be. The popular and faithful steed of steel in one section of the country at least has come into its own, and the sooner the rest of our communities fall into line with the sagacious judgments of Judge Bennett, the better it will be for all concerned. It may work certain hardships in one or two Western communities, where those who steal horses are alleged to be lynched, but in other sections of our country the decision makes only for good and for justice.

The Situation in Cuba

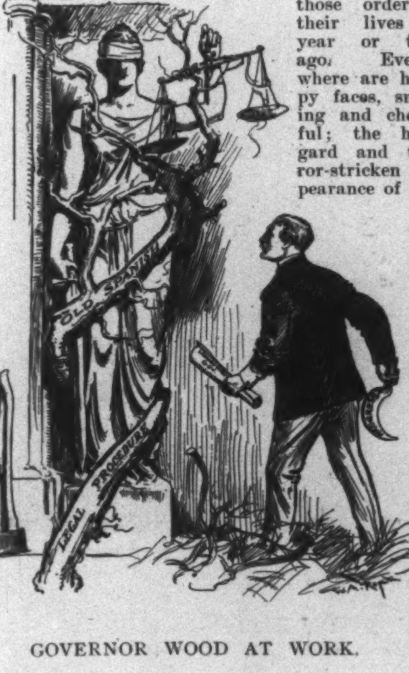
by C. E. Akers

A COMPARISON of the conditions existing to-day in Cuba with those ruling in the island at the close of 1898 affords food for congratulation and reflection at the development of events since the commencement of the United States' military occupation of this former Spanish colony. When a cessation of hostilities was declared as a result of the protocol of August 12, 1898, Cuba was prostrate, her industrial life paralyzed, her people sorrowing and suffering, their homes in ruins, their children without bread to stay their hunger. The five months conceded to the Spanish government for the withdrawal of the troops tended further to aggravate this painful state of affairs. This period was an interregnum of administration, when all ordinary measures for protection of life and property were suspended, when no authority existed to which appeal could be made in the name of humanity or justice, and when the bitterly hostile feeling between Spaniard and Cuban was at its highest pitch. No small meed of praise is due to the Cuban leaders at this juncture of affairs for the admirable control exercised over the men forming the insurgent army.

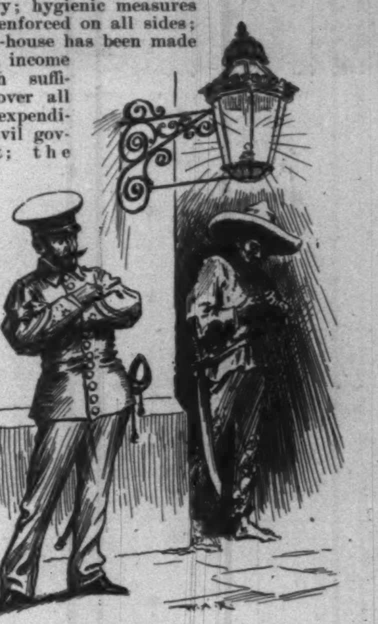
During this very trying experience serious crime was practically unknown, and even petty thefts of food were of most rare occurrence. Many thousands of Cubans with arms in their hands waited patiently for the end without any sign of insubordination, although hunger was gnawing at their vitals. When the United States authorities finally entered into possession, on January 1, 1899, the problem to be solved was not one of reform of methods hitherto in vogue, but the more serious one of implanting a totally new system, and one of a nature to allow the feeble flicker of life throughout the island to be nursed and coaxed back to a healthy and sturdy flame.

Nearly fourteen months have passed since the booming of cannon announced the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes over the grim old battlements of Morro Castle, and in that brief lapse of time a spirit of regeneration has crept over Cuba from Cape San Antonio to Cape Maisi. Partly the change is the direct outcome of the work of American officials intrusted with the discharge of routine office duties, and partly the natural evolutionary stage resulting from a condition of peace and quiet, which enabled the people in the island to turn their attention to the ordinary occupations of every-day life without any haunting fear of calamity hovering in the background, as had unremittingly been the case since the outbreak of the revolution in February of 1895. The American officers detailed for administrative posts were for the most part new to such work, and to build up the machinery of government was no easy matter. Of necessity the process was slow, and each forward step was little more than experimental. In high places there was shown frequently a lack of initiative that caused the development of events to be often wearisome, and not infrequently extremely tedious. A mistaken idea prevailed in influential quarters that trouble was to be expected from the Cubans, and that armed resistance to United States authority was only checked by the presence of a strong force of American troops. Slowly, however, this nightmare has drifted away into space, and experience has demonstrated that justice administered with a firm and impartial hand is as acceptable to the people of Cuba as it is to any other community under more advanced and settled conditions. It is only necessary to look at the faces of the Cubans in the cities or the country-side to realize the difference of the circumstances now prevailing and those ordering their lives a year or two ago. Everywhere are happy faces, smiling and cheerful; the haggard and terror-stricken appearance of the inhabitants, so painful and pitiable to the most casual observer, has given way to an expression of contentment that is abundant testimony to the good work already accomplished in the "Ever Faithful Island."

To turn more particularly to the tangible results obtained by the United States administration of Cuban affairs: A police force has been organized for the maintenance of law and order throughout both town and country; hygienic measures have been enforced on all sides; the custom-house has been made to yield an income more than sufficient to cover all needful expenditure for civil government; the hordes of unfortunate women and children begging alms in the streets have been temporarily provided for with food and shelter, pending more definite arrangements for their future welfare; a census of the inhabitants has been taken, and accurate knowledge thereby gained of the circumstances and necessities of the population; the seeds of a spirit of fairness and manliness have been sown in the minds of the Cubans generally that could not have occurred under the relations formerly existing between Spain and her colonists.



GOVERNOR WOOD AT WORK.



". . . . THE BITTER FEELING BETWEEN SPANIARD AND CUBAN."

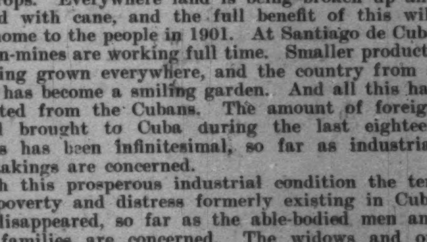
The two figures that stand out so prominently in the solution of the Cuban problem are the two men whose natural ability has forced them to the front and enabled them to overcome obstacle after obstacle in the face of discouragements which would have occasioned many another man to give way in despair. General Wood in Santiago, and General Ludlow in Havana, have both shown themselves to be careful and successful organizers and able administrators, and these qualities have gained for them the respect and admiration of the great majority of the people of Cuba with whom they have come in contact during the past twelve months. In the circumstances, therefore, no more happy appointment could have been made than the nomination of General Wood as chief of the administration in Cuba, although perhaps too much is expected of him during the first few months of his advent to office. Violent changes are not required at the present moment in Cuba, nor are such particularly in accordance with the general tone or inclination of Spanish character. General Wood quite understands the position he is facing, and although he will undoubtedly use the knife unsparingly in pruning away many of the more flagrant abuses, he will do so gradually, and so avoid the possibility of creating any trend of hostile feeling towards himself that might serve to hinder him in finishing the task he has undertaken.

The two great questions requiring solution to-day in Cuba are the administration of justice and the satisfactory installation of a practical system of primary education. In the Cuban courts the former Spanish methods have survived almost intact, and indeed it is not too much to say that many of the worst abuses have been aggravated since the withdrawal of Spanish authority. Corruption is rampant, bribery more common amongst the lower officials than at any former period. How to cleanse this Augean stable is a matter requiring the most careful study and attention. It is not proposed to abrogate the Spanish civil and criminal codes; nor is there much reason why such radical alteration should be determined upon. Certain modifications in the present laws are very necessary, and many relics of barbarism essentially require elimination; but in other respects the existing law meets all the exigencies of the case, provided always that it be honestly administered and intelligently interpreted. The procedure in the courts does, however, demand a most sweeping measure of reformation. As the custom of procedure stands to-day, it is unwieldy and tedious. The cumbrous character of legal proceedings blocks the way, and ensures the cost of any dispute being out of all proportion to the merits of the case as a general rule. The judiciary are ill paid; they are also venial, and endowed with such small mental perspective as to be a drag upon the community. Better men must be brought into judicial positions, and the remuneration offered must be of a nature substantial enough to induce able Cubans to undertake the responsibilities of the bench. Such men are not lacking, and, once assured of the support of the authorities, will be willing to come forward and do their duty. The recent dismissal of the *fiscal* of the Supreme Court in Havana by General Wood on his arrival in Cuba was a step in the right direction, and a few more such salutary examples will be a useful object-lesson to the Cubans.

The question of primary education is now receiving earnest attention in Cuba. The difficulty of language is, of course, to be considered. It will not do to force English down the throats of unwilling pupils. On the other hand, the native material from which to select teachers is by no means up to the desired standard. It will be necessary to give courses of instruction for male and female teachers before any really satisfactory results amongst the children can be expected. The Cubans are docile and intelligent, and a year of training under competent direction will fill the present want. Applicants for the course of normal instruction will be plentiful enough, especially so if in the end there is prospect of permanent employment at a salary on which life may be comfortably sustained. Higher education can take care of itself, the opportunities being numerous in Havana and elsewhere for adequate training. Reverting for a moment to primary instruction, it is necessary to say that this must be made compulsory, and the parents punished for the non-attendance of their children.

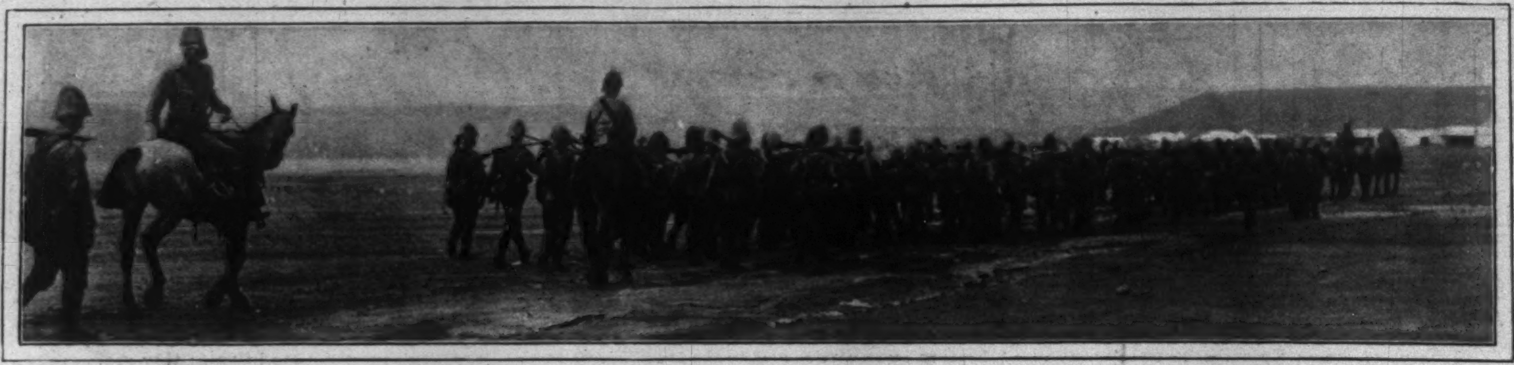
Much has been written in American newspapers about the fierce desire of the Cubans for an independent government. Possibly there is a substratum of truth in some of these reports. The Cubans are astonished and amazed at this liberty they have suddenly acquired. It is a new toy to them, and they love to play with it. Perhaps they would even like to go further and think of themselves as a nation. The idea is certainly fascinating. The real sentiment of the strong elment in Cuba is quite foreign to the representations made in this country. They want to be prepared for self-government. One of the most prominent leaders in the revolt against Spain explained the situation a few days ago to the writer of this article in the following terms: "There is no discontent in Cuba to-day. No agitation in this island could raise five hundred men in arms to resist the American authority. We, however, wish to see some definite steps taken to bring about the government of Cuba by the Cubans. If the municipal elections now proposed are carried out, that is the first step, and that is sufficient to content us for another year. Then, we would like to see another advance, and so on gradually until the administration is finally confided to our care." Can anything be more reasonable than this view of the situation?

The reconstruction of the industrial life of Cuba is proceeding apace. In the famous Vuelta Abajo district the tobacco yield is the largest ever recorded in the island. Remedios and Santa Clara report also excellent crops. Everywhere land is being broken up and planted with cane, and the full benefit of this will come home to the people in 1901. At Santiago de Cuba the iron-mines are working full time. Smaller products are being grown everywhere, and the country from a desert has become a smiling garden. And all this has emanated from the Cubans. The amount of foreign capital brought to Cuba during the last eighteen months has been infinitesimal, so far as industrial undertakings are concerned.

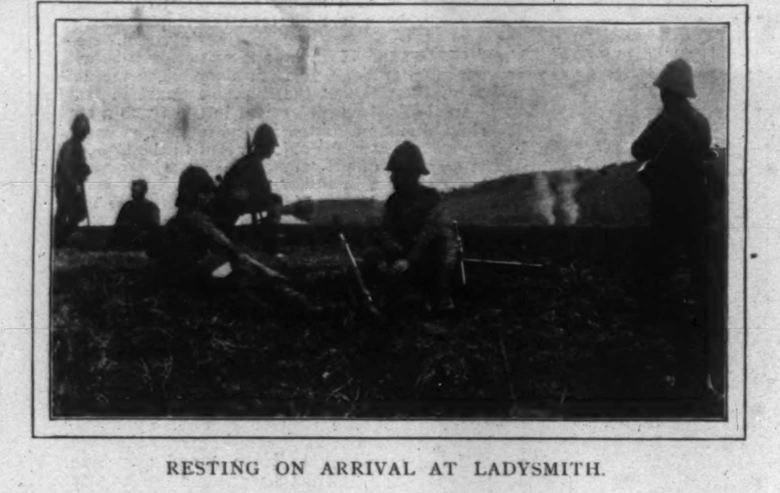

FOR CUBA!
PUBLIC SCHOOL.

UNCLE SAM'S FLAG-SHIP.

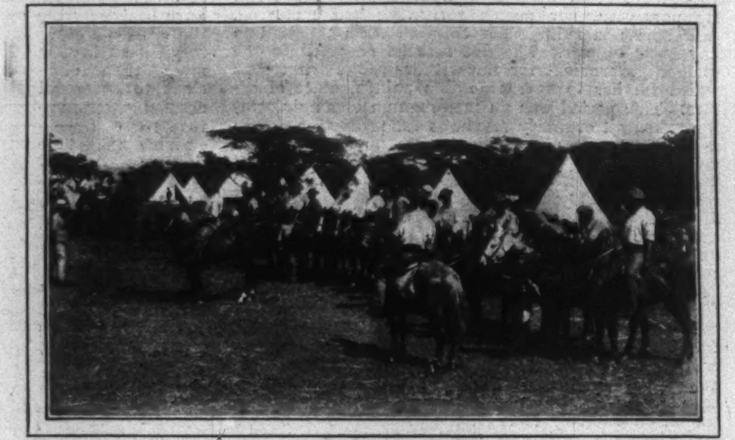
With this prosperous industrial condition the terrible poverty and distress formerly existing in Cuba have disappeared, so far as the able-bodied men and their families are concerned. The widows and orphans surviving the disastrous years of warfare from 1895 to 1898 are, however, still most urgently in need of help. The Cuban Orphan Society has already done good work in this connection, and the efforts now being put forward to obtain further means to care for unfortunate women and helpless children are worthy of the very strongest sympathy and support in America.



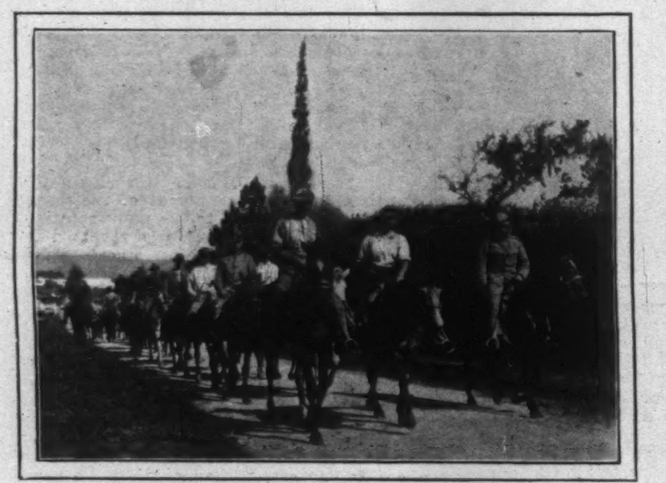
THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES REACHING LADYSMITH AFTER A SIXTY-MILE MARCH FROM DUNDEE.



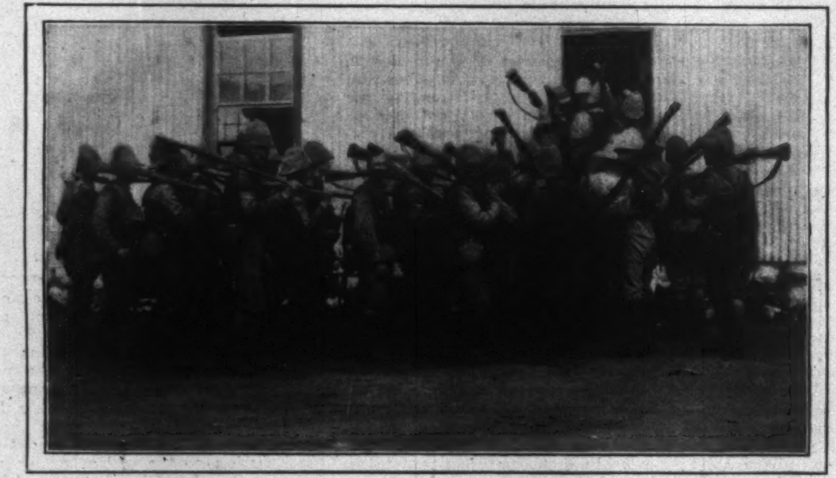
RESTING ON ARRIVAL AT LADYSMITH.



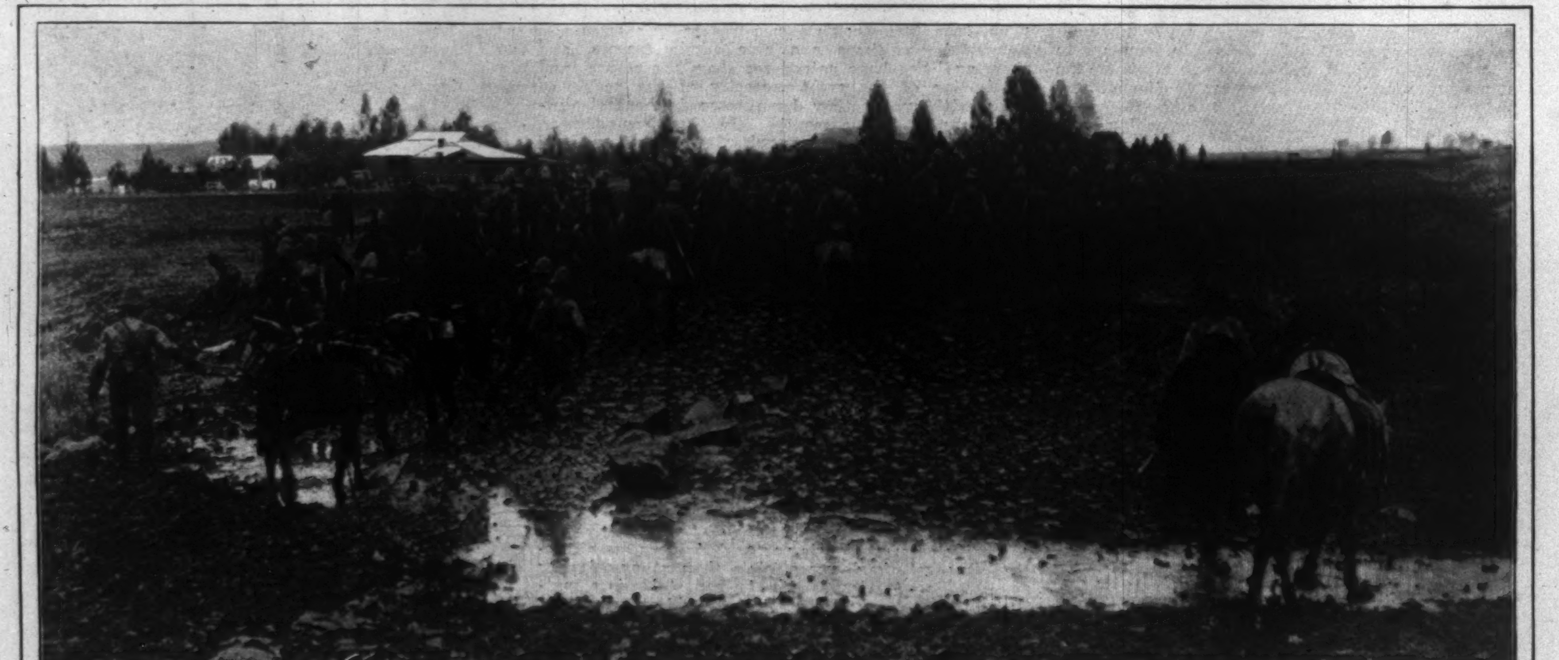
BETHUNE'S MOUNTED INFANTRY.



MOUNTED INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.



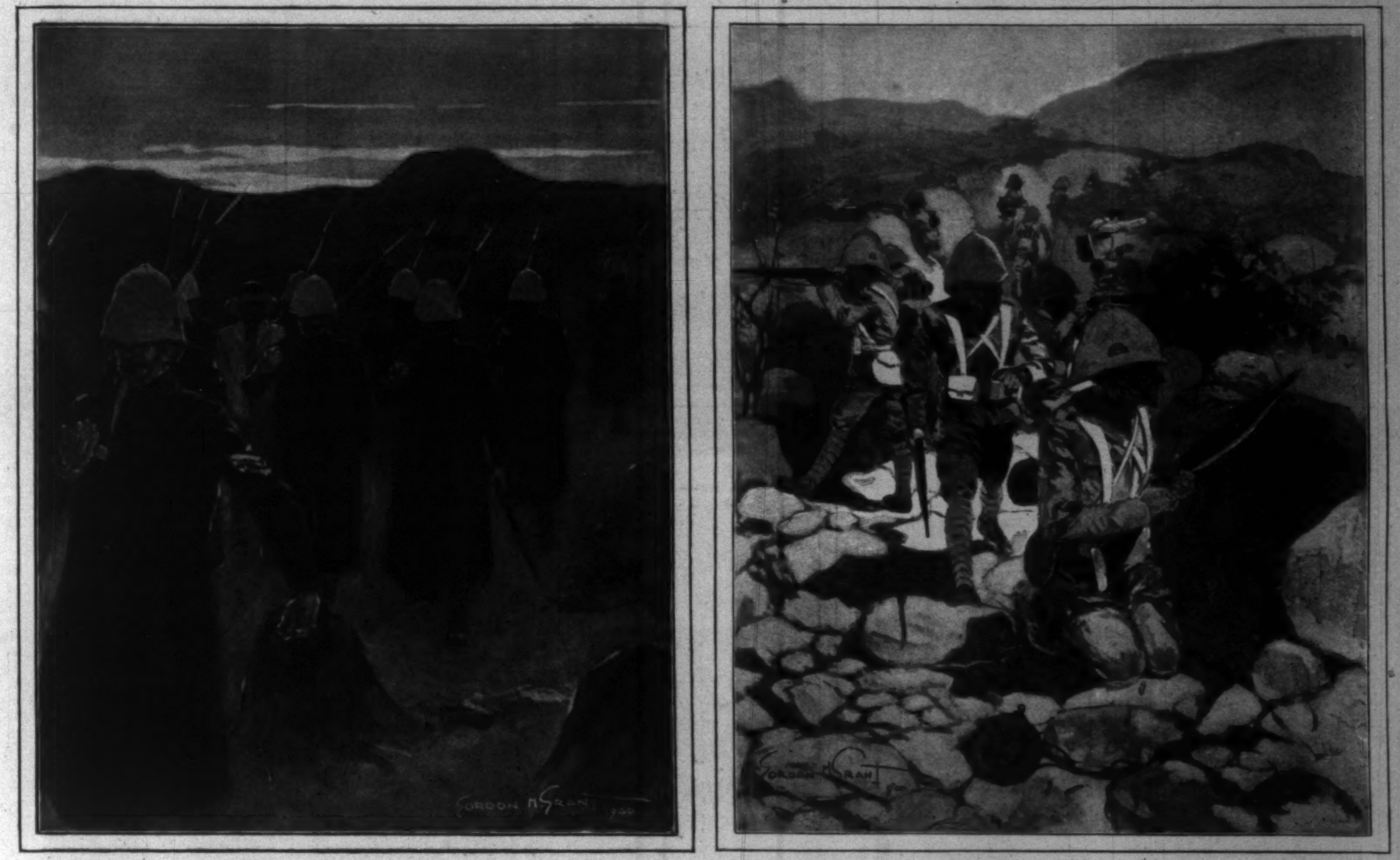
WELCOME BARRACKS AFTER THE MARCH TO LADYSMITH.



ENTERING LADYSMITH—HEAVY MARCHING FOR WEARY MEN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—RAISING THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS, JOHANNESBURG.

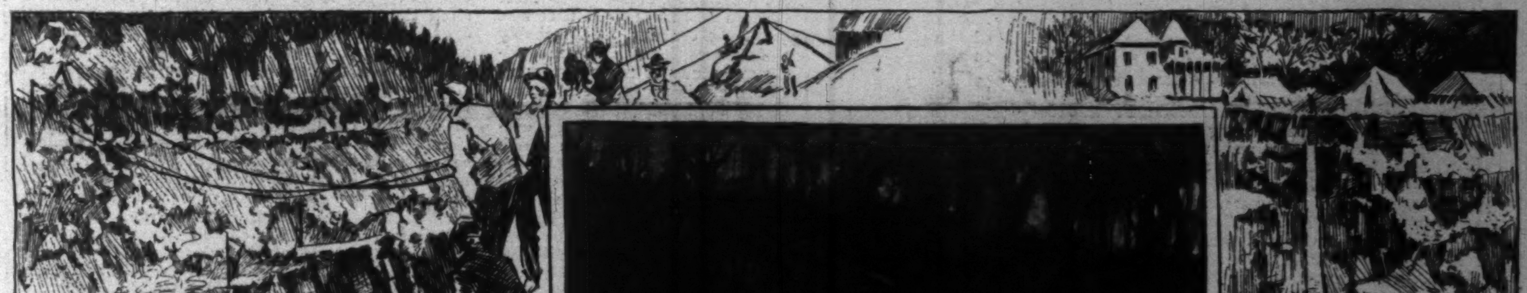


A PICKET RETURNING TO CAMP WITH A PRISONER.

THE NORTHUMBERLANDS IN A DONGA NEAR BLOEMFONTEIN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWINGS BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

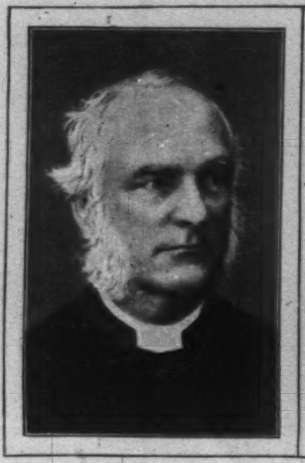


Strikers watching the Deputy-Sheriffs.

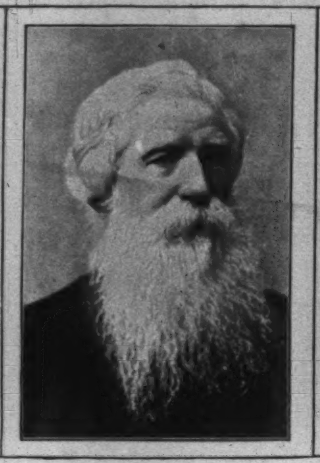
The shooting of Sergeant Robert Douglass, Co. B, 1st Regiment, April 16.

Sheriff Molloy;—General Roe's Headquarters across the Bridge.

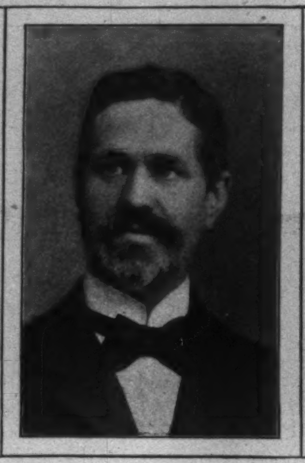
THE STRIKE AT THE CROTON DAM, NEW YORK.



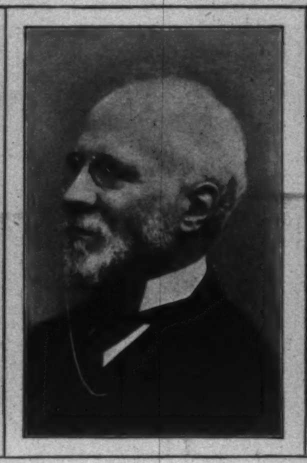
CANON EDMUNDS,
Exeter, England.



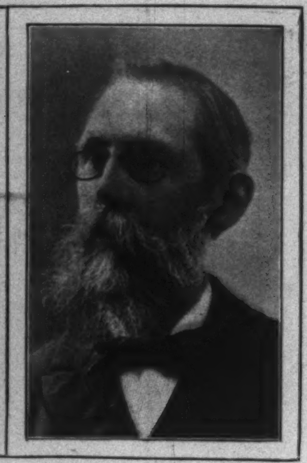
REV. JOHN G. PATON,
New Hebrides.



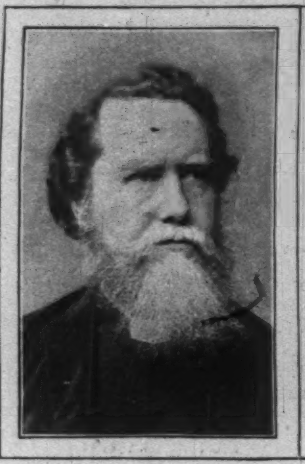
GILBERT McINTOSH,
Shanghai, China.



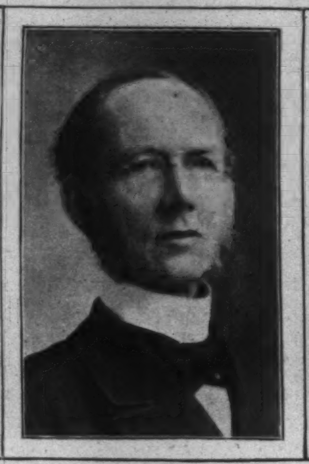
EUGENE STOCK,
London.



S. B. CAPEN,
President American Board.

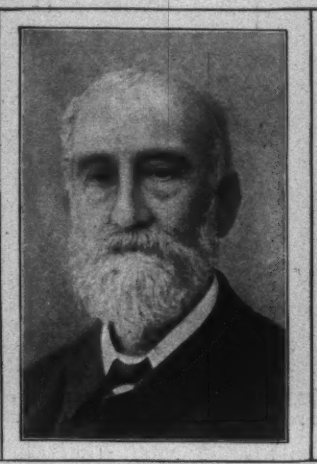


J. HUDSON TAYLOR,
China.

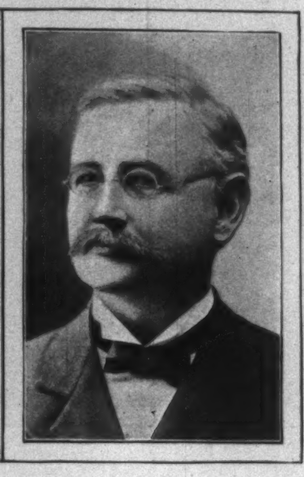


REV. D. Z SHEFFIELD,
Tungcho, China.

REV. WILLIAM ASHMORE,
China.



REV. GEORGE WASHBURN,
Constantinople.



REV. H O. DWIGHT,
Turkey.

The Ecumenical Missionary Conference

THE Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, which is holding meetings this week in Carnegie Hall and the churches of this city, is in many ways a gathering of much interest. There is a considerable representation of missionaries from foreign countries; among others: Bishop Thoburn and Dr. Chamberlain from India; Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, Dr. William Ashmore, and President Sheffield from China; Dr. M. L. Gordon, Dr. Julius Soper, and Dr. I. H. Correll from Japan; Dr. Paton from the New Hebrides; President Washburn and Dr. H. O. Dwight from Turkey.

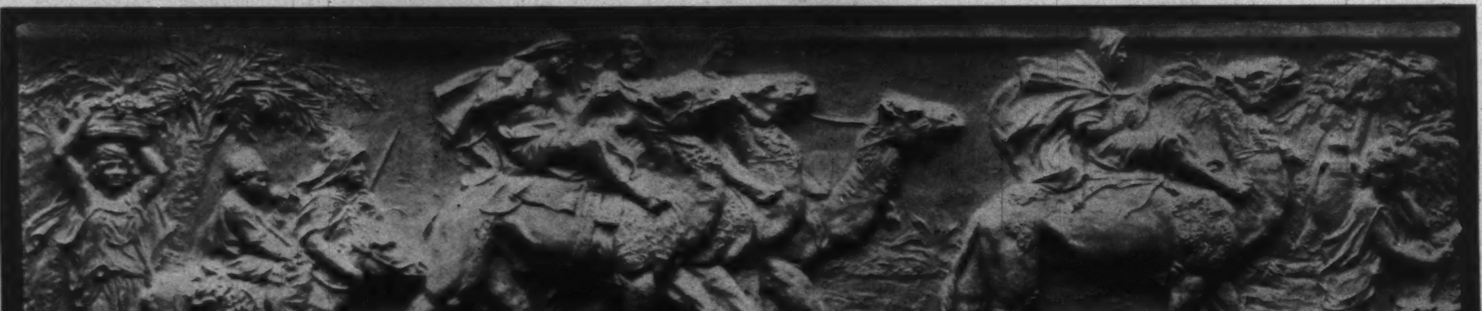
In a single year the Protestant Churches of the world have expended about $19,000,000 under the superintendence of 1500 missionaries on the field, aside from the staff of secretaries and others at home. The results secured by this money appear to be out of all proportion to the efforts put forth. It is no slight thing to gather a million and a half of communicants out of the communities of India, Africa, Japan, China, and other lands; to organize and conduct several thousand schools of every grade; to establish hospitals and dispensaries in lands where medicine has been identified with the crudest superstitions; and to be the medium of distribution of large sums of money and to conduct relief-works for those who are stricken with famine and pestilence.

It is not unnatural that the supporters of these missions should be glad of an opportunity to meet face to face with the workers and review the successes of the past generation and the century, and probably to many the gathering of this conference appears primarily in this light. A little study of the programme, however, shows that while there is no failure to recognize this feature, it does not hold the important place. Saturday was given to welcome, Monday of the current week to review of the great principles on which missions rest and the record of the past. Again on the closing day there is to be an outlook over the future work, its opportunities and possibilities. The remaining time is given up exclusively to the discussion of the great questions connected with the conduct of missions; questions of policy, of the relative importance of different branches of work, of method. Papers are presented and discussions carried on with the utmost freedom for all shades of personal opinion. Distinctly a conference, it lays down no laws, formulates no resolutions, leaves its results to be worked out as individual experience approves rather than in obedience to any commands. Those results, however, will certainly stand forth most clearly and command attention and acceptance. The purpose of the conference is not to express gratitude for the past or even to arouse inspiration for the future, but to consider carefully and thoroughly the best methods for the present.

Among the topics discussed are the training of native workers and the building up of self-supporting, self-directing native churches. Mission-work as such cannot be permanent. The missionary must give place to the pastor, the teacher. It is well to assist a native church in its early life of weakness, but weakness will become chronic and fatal if the assistance is continued too long. When should it cease, and how shall the leaders be educated to their responsibilities? Closely connected with this is the great question of education. A strong church must be an educated church. An uneducated community can never be in the best sense a truly Christian community. Yet how far is it legitimate for missionary funds to be used in the conduct of the higher branches of education? Were the funds all from wealthy people themselves, fully educated, it might be simpler, but many feel that it is not right to use the hard-earned gifts of the poor to give to others opportunities denied to themselves. It is easier to state such problems than to solve them, and the contributions of such men as stand at the head of the educational institutions of China, India, Turkey, and Africa will be listened to and studied with the greatest interest.

There are also the problems of philanthropy, including medical missions, missions to lepers, famine relief, efforts to remove the burden of customs that for centuries have weighed down women, children, and even men, so that life itself has become a burden too heavy to carry. To what extent are missions socialistic in their purpose and proper sphere, and where is the line, or is there any, between the preaching of the Gospel and the relief of suffering? There are also the relations that should obtain between the missionaries and the native churches on the one hand, and the non-Christian communities with their religions, sincerely believed, on the other. It is not always easy to judge where iconoclasm is legitimate, or to draw a distinction between destructive and constructive criticism.

EDWIN M. BLISS, D. D.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.* By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER IV

THE SKITTLES AND THE CAVERN

WHEN Warburton ploughed round the snout of the island and faced southward he had reason to admit the prudence of Miss Carmichael's warning. The sea was like a huge and moving moor, black with the impending darkness of the sky, and barren of all save that blackness. The wind roared into a gale, so that he dared not point direct for the beach.

When he rose upon the crest of the water he could discern far off and dwindling still the faint lights of Marlock. He could not doubt that he was being driven off the land, and that any chance he might have of getting back would be destroyed by the fall of night. Warburton was no sailor, but he was a man of determination, and sheer force of purpose carried him through that struggle. Despair only settled upon him finally when, the direction of the hurricane veering, he was hurried precipitately into the wilderness of mingled night and water without so much as a star to guide him.

So far as he could judge he must have been three hours tossing helplessly upon the sea when he thought he saw glimmering ahead a dim, yellow light, such as might stream from a cottage window. That friendly beacon struck new life into his heart; his numbed fingers pressed the tiller with fresh spirit; and presently he had drawn close enough to make out whence the light issued. It came from the lanthorn swung in the head of a small schooner, faintly visible. She was close-reefed and was evidently riding out the storm; yet even as Warburton made this discovery and with a sigh of satisfaction prepared to bring the boat nearer, the schooner lurched forward, the lanthorn shone upon a spreading pack of canvas, and she began to walk away at a brisk pace.

This unexpected withdrawal astonished Warburton, but he was now aware that the worst of the gale was past, and guessed that those upon the schooner had decided to make sail. It was clear, too, that she was making for some port hard by, or she would not have been riding in the offing. He shouted aloud, but the wind was still crying, and his voice did not carry. As long as he could keep her in sight, however, he cared not; and, moreover, he reflected that it would be no easy matter to board the vessel in that tumbling water.

After an interval of time he was surprised by a great flare ahead, appearing to rise from the schooner. It flamed forth and died down, and presently a glare on the horizon answered it. Warburton understood these lights for signals, and supposed that they must be usual upon such wild nights—hospitable lamps to draw the adventurer home. The light on the horizon flashed again, and this time as though it hung high in heaven; so that he wondered if they were approaching the cape outside Marlock. In a little they were close enough to reveal more detail; and to Warburton's surprise he recognized the cliffs as those that formed the deadly point upon the island of Lynsea—the Skittles, as they were called in those parts.

Warburton altered his course in dismay. Were the men mad? The schooner flew towards her ruin, as it seemed to him, with increased speed. He recalled with a shudder the reefs among which he had picked his way at so great a hazard that afternoon; and now there was the added peril of darkness and a stronger wind. But of a sudden there came back to him the thought of those signals, and what they must mean. These men were neither blind nor set on their own death. As this idea flashed in his brain he made his course afresh, steering in the track of the schooner. What all this signified he knew not, but this he knew, that where the schooner went, he also could go, and that he was resolved to do so.

His small craft lay hidden under the wake of the larger vessel, and in the black trough of the sea. Yet he might not have escaped the notice of the sailors had not all been so taken up with the approach to the rocks. But now the moon failed, and night resumed her kingdom, so that he could detach little or nothing from the surrounding blackness. Again a light streamed out from the cliffs, and this time he could see that the schooner was close in, lying under the great rocks, and tossing, as it appeared, among a thousand deaths.

Warburton strained his eyes through the obscurity. She was rapt out of sight as though she were mere wraith of a vessel that melted into the air. But of that he was not afraid. Some guess of what had happened inspired him. Quickly he shot the cutter round the nearest point, and she too rolled among the terrible Skittles. The light above went out.

"Damme!" said Warburton, under his breath, "but they will have me drown yet. I forgot their cursed light. The Lord deliver me from these ugly knives!"

The cutter was swinging along at a rate of six or seven knots; she was dancing with a light heart among sharp and jagged edges. At any moment she might strike and founder, for at that pace she would break like glass.

"I will let her go," said he to himself, "if I am split in two for it."

Suddenly he was aware that his sails were flapping; he had come out of the wind. All was black about him. He put forth a hand and searched vainly in empty space.

"Now where the deuce am I got to?" said he. The water was sucking and lapping with a great noise, which notified to him the neighborhood of rocks. But it rose with low and muffled reverberations, and that set a new idea going in him. He poled his boat cautiously in the direction from which he thought the sounds issued, and presently his fingers touched a wall. As they did so a faint light sprang up about him. It was the distant hospitality of a bright glow far away, but it showed him where he was. As he had imagined, he was in the mouth of a great cave.

Warburton had already framed a theory which would well explain this nocturnal entry of the schooner, and at this sudden confirmation of his suspicions he was not greatly surprised. That these were smugglers he doubted not, which was one reason why he had followed them. Smugglers could hardly be using the shelter of Lynsea without the knowledge of the Carmichaels. In any case, he was anxious to get to the bottom of the mystery, and counted himself lucky to have fallen in with the schooner. This, then, promised to be merely the opening of his adventure. The suffused glow revealed to him a pathway cut in the rocks, which led deeper into the cavern. He could see nothing of the schooner, but supposed that she lay farther in, and was possibly hidden by a turn in that huge catacomb. But he waited not either to make more particular observations or to come to a decision upon his actions. He made the boat fast to a projecting needle of rock, and creeping upon the ledge, made towards the interior of the cavern as swiftly as he might.

Cautiously he turned an angle, yet for all that caution was fetched abruptly into the light of torches and into the presence of a bustling, noisy scene. The cavern was the theatre of a miniature dock. In the foreground, beached upon a shore of sand and shells, lay the schooner, while under the conflagration of torches a score of men were plying to and fro, rolling barrels and shouting orders to one another. A light flared near the schooner, and lit up the face of one whom Warburton knew well. It was Nicholas Carmichael, his black hair tossing loosely, and his strong features marked with excitement and red with light. Roger Warburton smiled in his heart, for he had come upon his revenge very easily. He had not looked for so easy a triumph. Here was the connection between the Carmichaels and that illicit trade established beyond question. He saw now what was the nature of their influence in the neighborhood. Mostly the men wore the look of foreigners, and some had golden rings in their ears, but some he guessed as natives of Marlock. All these observations he made swiftly, and ere he turned his attention to his own safety. It was in the nick of time that he did so; for Carmichael had walked quickly and unexpectedly towards the ledge of rock, in company with two others. One of these was speaking glibly in broken English, and using his hands and eyes expressively to eke out his narrow vocabulary.

"But I assure you, sir, there was no boat," said this fellow. "You are mistaken. Indeed, but there could be none." "I tell you," said Nicholas Carmichael, impatiently, "there was a boat, and we took it for yours. I thought you had laid it up below. She came upon your tail—damme! right under your counter."

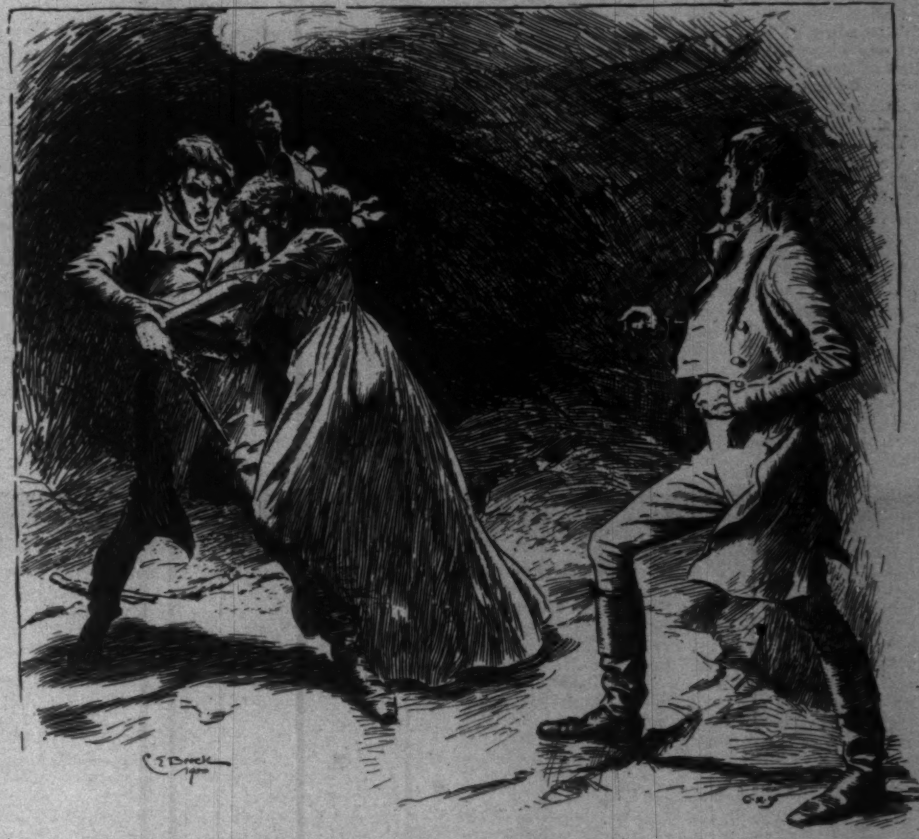
The foreigner shrugged his shoulders. He was a polite man, but obstinate. "If Monsieur thought so, Monsieur might look and see. Monsieur was welcome to his illusions." With an exclamation of disgust Carmichael leaped upon the rude ledge and came striding towards Warburton. The significance of this conversation had not escaped the latter. He knew now that his discovery was certain; that it might be deferred, but could not be prevented in the end. He had no time to retreat and gain his cutter, and even if he were able to do so without attracting attention, he had no hope to put off in that darkness among unknown rocks and without the aid of any wind. The darkness betrayed him a thousand times worse than the light. Yet he took advantage of that darkness now, as the only plan upon which his wits could hit. He stooped, and, with Nicholas Carmichael scarce twenty feet from him, he dipped soundlessly into the water and slid into the black shadow that the schooner cast. For the second time this nefarious boat gave him succor, but how long his respite would last he did not bother his mind with wondering. It was impossible for him to venture from this refuge, for the torches glared upon the water upon each side of the dark hulk, and to move in either direction would be to risk detection, which was almost certain. So he lay under the water and waited, trusting to the turn of chance. Presently after he could espy Nicholas Carmichael running swiftly along the ledge, and he knew that the cutter had been discovered. Carmichael leaped to the beach and turned furiously on the foreigner to whom he had been speaking.

"You fool, Ditran," said he, "the boat is there; we have a spy among us!"

The words suddenly started the Frenchman into life. He threw down the cigar he was smoking with an oath, and himself disappeared along the ledge by which Carmichael had returned. In a short time there was a hubbub among the smugglers, all work ceased, and they began to explore the recesses of the cave, lighting fresh torches, and scattering in the search. The peril was now imminent over Warburton, but he kept his place quietly. One thing the new illumination of the cavern showed him. This was a mammoth burrow, into which he had penetrated—a warren of holes which distributed from the central hold. Several of the smugglers applied their torches to the entrances of these passages, and peered into them; but Nicholas Carmichael shouted to them presently.

"Cease, you fools!" he said. "He cannot have reached the beach, since he followed the schooner, and we were all here to have seen him. He must be harboring on the water-side."

Warburton heard the words and knew that sentence had been pronounced on him. He turned over, looking right and left to see if he could discern any way of flight; but there only remained the entrance to the cavern, up which the flood of the tide rolled heavily. Yet he would be captured if he staid where he was. He took a breath from his chest and dived under, striking out across the line of light towards the mouth. How long he was below he could not guess, but his head was splitting ere he came to the surface, and found, to his chagrin, that the tide had deflected him, and that he had risen in the fiercest arc of that illumination. A shout announced that he was seen, and a bullet smacked upon the water by him. Also, several of the smugglers plunged into the sea towards him. He cast a quick glance round. He was within ten yards of the beach, and two evil-looking fellows stood abreast of him, one of whom was pointing a pistol, while the other held a long knife. A few strokes



CHLORIS SEIZED HER BROTHER'S WRIST WITH BOTH HANDS.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

brought him to the shore, and he sprang out like a dripping river-god. The pistol flashed, and missed; and ere the two men knew what he purposed or could move to avoid it, he had cracked the two ugly foreign heads together, and had rushed on, leaving two insensible bodies on the ground.

He ran for the back of the cavern, where he had seen the openings, and after him sped half that lawless crew. The first hole he reached was less than the height of a man, but when he had entered, the room increased, and he ran forward in total darkness over a rough, rocky way, and, as it seemed to him, downwards. There were several turnings in his flight; he went at random as in a maze, and heard roaring through the alleys the sound of his own feet and those of his pursuers. Presently, above this dull sound of echoes, he was aware of something different that saluted his ears. Even in that headlong flight his cool wits had not deserted him. It struck on his senses with a menace; he came to an abrupt pause. He knew it for the washing of the rollers against rocks. At the same time a cold wind smote his face; he put out an arm, and the spray of the open sea besprinkled him.

As he recognized this new danger, and it came to him that he stood somewhere in a lip of the cliffs, with the ocean growling and leaping from below, he caught the noise of feet, approaching cautiously. There was silence next, and Warburton huddled down into the rock, straining his ears to listen. After a short space of time he heard a laugh, a flint flashed, and the light of a torch was flung out upon the waters.

"Gone over, by God!" said Nicholas Carmichael; and as the words left his lips he saw his enemy.

A smile played about his mouth, which was passionate and cruel, and he raised his pistol. Warburton held his already in his hand, but he knew that the priming was damp from his immersion. He flung the weapon hard at Carmichael's face, but he, dodging his head with an angry laugh, brought his pistol to the sight, pointing at Warburton's heart.

"I pay a double debt, Mr. Warburton," he said, and pulled at the trigger.

At that moment there was a short cry, and out of the darkness of the interior cavity stepped Miss Carmichael.

"You shall not, Nick!" she cried, angrily. "You are blood-guilty. I will not have you so stain yourself."

"Get you gone, Chloris!" said Nicholas, savagely. "Interfere not!"

Dropping the torch she held, she sprang at his arm. "Nay, I will be obeyed! I command obedience!" she cried, fiercely. "Do you think you have some poor serving-maid to reckon with? Put that down, you madman!"

Nicholas uttered an oath. "Silly jade!" he cried. "Hands off! I will have my way on this spy!"

"You shall do naught!" she said, and seized his wrist in both her hands.

Her brother shook himself, to wrench his arm free, so that she swung and swayed like a tiger-lily in the breeze, backwards and forwards towards the verge of the hungry sea. Nicholas Carmichael's flambeau wildly rocked in the struggle. Warburton suddenly stepped forward, and setting his strong grasp upon Carmichael, pulled him backwards so that he lay at his full length upon the ground. Gently he detached the girl from her fast and angry grip.

"Let him be, madam," said he. "I am sufficiently in your debt."

He bound together securely the hands of the writhing Carmichael, and picking up the torch which had fallen, dispassionately surveyed his prostrate enemy.

"Mr. Carmichael, I grudge not your attempt upon my life. It is not the first time I have been 'twixt the devil and the deep sea. Madam, I thank you. You have saved me. We are quits."

"Quits!" she echoed, looking on him with astonishment, her bosom rising and falling with her heavy breath.

"Aye," said he. "That is how I regard it."

"I measure things in no such broker's way," she burst out. "Yet you were better gone. There is a passage hence through to where your boat lies. Hasten, or there will be others upon you."

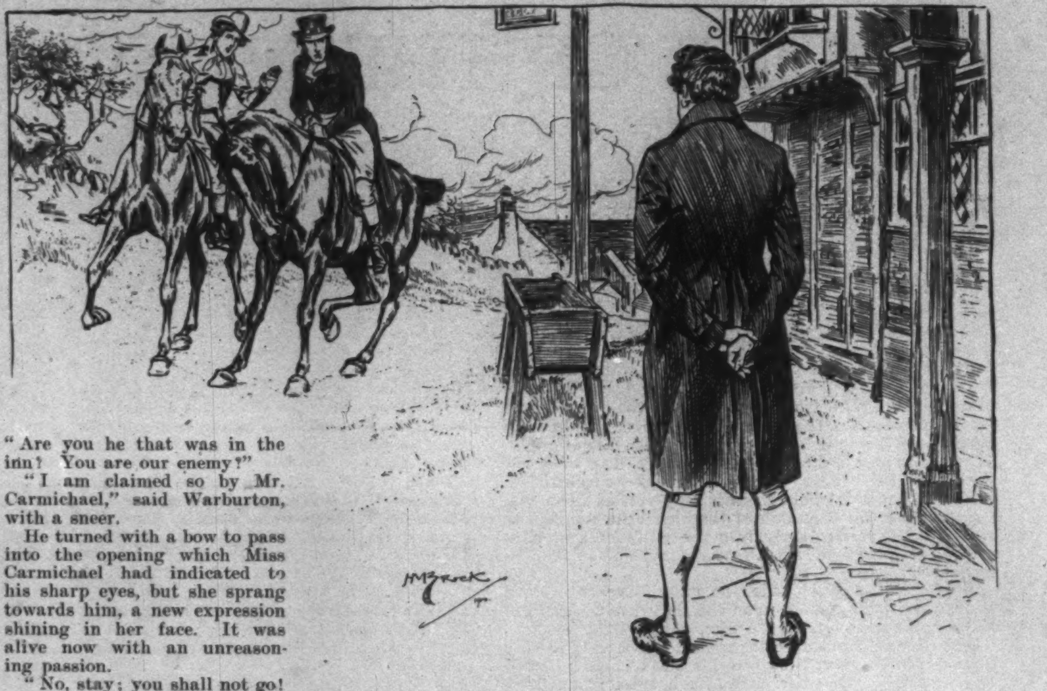
Nicholas Carmichael lay glaring alternately upon his sister and Warburton. His passion appeared too great to find vent, yet he spoke then in a hoarse voice:

"You shall repent this, Chloris. Know you not that this man is a spy? He is come to betray us."

"'Tis not true," she answered hotly. "This gentleman saved my life on the shoot to-day. He is here by an accident."

"He is Warburton, by God!" cried Nicholas, rolling impotently in his bonds.

"What!" she called out, struck aghast by dismay.



TWO HORSEMEN DASHED AROUND THE BEND.

"Are you he that was in the inn? You are our enemy?"

"I am claimed so by Mr. Carmichael," said Warburton, with a sneer.

He turned with a bow to pass into the opening which Miss Carmichael had indicated to his sharp eyes, but she sprang towards him, a new expression shining in her face. It was alive now with an unreasoning passion.

"No, stay; you shall not go! You are a spy upon our doings!" she said. "That, then, is why you were upon the island this afternoon. 'Tis that brings you here now. 'Tis treachery you harbor in your heart. My God! I am too soft. Nick, stop him! He shall not go forth and betray you!"

In her passion and excitement she advanced towards Warburton, whom this quick outbreak had amazed. But, shrugging his shoulders, he stepped into the passage without answer, and descended quickly towards the mouth of the cavern. When he was gone the girl ran to her brother, and slashed with a knife at the knots that held him at his wrists and ankles.

"After him, Nick!" she cried. "He shall not escape you. I will not have your neck in the rope for him."

Nicholas Carmichael needed no instigation; he flung himself into the opening and flew down the passage. When he reached the great cavern, he flung a stream of light from his torch across the water, and there at scarce twelve yards' distance was Warburton clumsily poling out his boat. Nicholas shouted and the cavern rang with hollow sounds; the alarm brought some from the interior to his side; and seizing from one a brace of pistols, he began to pepper the retreating cutter. A splutter of fire broke out also from the smugglers who had reached him.

"He must not escape, damn him!" cried Nicholas. "Put out your long-boat, Ditran. The devil may be split in the Skittles, yet we must take a risk. He holds all our lives and liberties."

As he spoke the cutter turned a point in the rocks and disappeared from view. Nicholas started about to carry out his own orders, and found Chloris by his side, panting, disordered, her gaze fixed wildly upon the vacant space of tumbling water from which Warburton had vanished.

CHAPTER V

WARBURTON GETS A WARNING

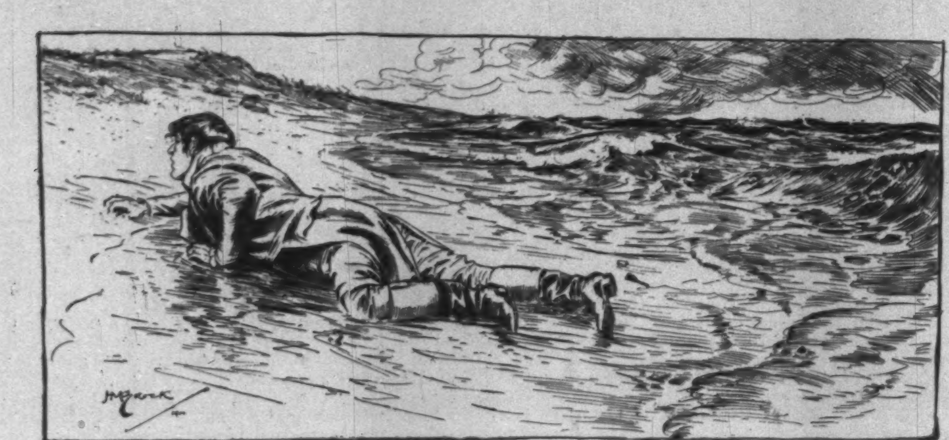
THE dawn was changing the face of heaven, and a dim light crawled over the waters, revealing the huge rocks which formed the entrance to the cavern. Warburton brought the cutter through these gates and she began to bob among the ragged points of the Skittles. There was a moment of anxiety as he was spreading sail, for she fell off and on helplessly among those hidden reefs. But presently she got her wind and started away. The light was clear enough now for him to see the outline of the island. The tide ran under him, and he was past the point in a very brief time, making for the open sea. But short as was the interval, he could spy, in looking back, the shadow of a second boat riding among the Skittles. He was being pursued, and he knew that every moment the light would spread, and the chances of his escape would diminish. His capture depended upon the speed of the boats, and more than all upon seamanship. Warburton was well aware of this. The long-boat stood out after him, and it was plain that he was seen. He could perceive now that the distance between them had lessened, and he could count the three black figures in the stern. It took him a very few minutes to decide that he must be caught if he continued in this course; that nothing could save him, and that he would have to fight upon a crazy boat, and fight without weapons against three armed men. Instantly he put about the cutter, and, veering swiftly, she turned her nose towards the coast once more. If he must fight he would fight on land rather than upon that rough, unfriendly element that had so betrayed him.

The tide and the wind were making round the northern coast line of Lynsea, and, as in the afternoon, the cutter flew sharply along. The long-boat also changed her course and darted after her prey, but Warburton kept his hands firmly on the tiller and his gaze steadfastly ahead, peering into the brightening sea. There was no more than one hundred yards between the boats, and this span was slowly decreasing. The tide grew under the cutter and she spurted as if aware of the danger. He was now opposite the cove in which the Carmichael's house lay, and he could see the dark trees faintly visible in the mirk. Yet he dared not run in there; the island was too hostile; that would be to venture into a den of wild beasts. The plan that he had conceived was more daring, and yet more prudent, as it seemed; he had resolved to run for the mainland by the eastern channel.

This intention soon became clear to his pursuers, and they made new exertions in order to come up with him. But though they were constantly drawing closer, the gap filled so gradually as to make it evident that Warburton would get round into the channel first. And presently the cutter began to leap; the water drew faster; with all the strength of those secret currents she was galloping for the Gut. Warburton could not have turned back now if he had desired to do so. He could but pilot his craft. She swung into the Gut with a seething noise, as of an angry meeting of two foes. The waves splashed aboard, drenching him. He was buffeted about. Suddenly the whole of that water seemed peopled and alive. Its body was torn by different currents and variable flaws so that it was broken and ran all ways. The cutter knew not on which course to lie, but tossed like a shell and took the seas at each jump. She rolled and thumped, and the tiller kicked itself from Warburton's hand. In a flash the boat plunged broadside on to that raging water, and to Warburton's eyes she was but preparing for a last great dive into the depths, when as unexpectedly a gust struck her and she righted, dripping from every inch of canvas. He scrambled for the tiller, seized it, and endeavored to set her towards the shore. But there was no order in her movements and the rudder had no authority over her. She sprawled like a drunkard, reeling and falling, and picking herself up; and then flew about on a new course only to carry out the same tactics there. The devil was in her. She took the bit in her teeth, and leaped a dozen paces under the wind; then she came down with a smack upon the boiling surface, rolled like a dolphin, and disappeared from the vision in the hollow of the waves. The pursuers in the long-boat waited breathlessly; they knew better than to adventure the Gut. When the cutter reappeared she was floating, her keel to the growing lights of the sky; she tossed weakly—she had given up the unequal conflict.

"By God!" said Nicholas Carmichael, "the Gut has him. We are saved the trouble;" and without any further words he put the long-boat round again.

When the cutter rolled over and under, Warburton, who had seen that the struggle was become hopeless, flung himself as far towards the shore as he might. He struck the crest of a rising wave and was carried forward on its advance. For a time he was beaten about in the maelstrom, merely keeping himself afloat and in no wise resisting the flow of the sea. This conduct undoubtedly proved his salvation, for he was accidentally taken in the tow of a current and went spinning for the shore; whereas if he had struggled



WARBURTON CRAWLED OUT OF REACH OF THE WATER.

for himself he would have lost this chance. Indeed, so rapidly was he driven from the scene of his shipwreck that five minutes had not elapsed ere he was flung savagely upon the sands, even as though the elements were weary of him and kicked him aside with one last vicious blow. He put out his arms, clutching at the sand to resist the plucking of the backward wash, and when it passed he crawled out of the reach of the water.

Here he sat for some time, motionless, but slowly regaining wind in his body; and then he rose and began to go along the shore. He saw at a glance where he was; for this was the beach of a little empty valley of marsh and stream, separated from Marlock by the great dunes.

There were four miles of wandering ere he reached Marlock. He had had nothing to eat or drink for fifteen hours; he was wet and sore; his muscles ached in arms and legs. He went slowly, picking his way on the seaward side lest he should lose his way among the hollows. The morning sun was high in the east and turned brightly; it struck and glittered on the bastions of the island. The Gut roared in the foreground of the picture. Ere this scene vanished finally behind an elbow of the hills Warburton stood and regarded it thoughtfully. He was thinking of the Carmichaels in his patient and obstinate mind.

It was not until late in the afternoon that he awoke in his room in the "Three Feathers." The sun was striking through the diamond panes that looked towards the sea, and by these tiny windows he saw two horsemen riding from the shore. He recognized them even at that distance, and hastily finishing his toilet he descended and came out into the open space before the inn. Immediately upon that Nicholas Carmichael and his brother dashed round the bend, with the noses of their horses pointed for the combe. Warburton stood, drawn straight and tall and strong, in the very centre of the scene; and of a sudden the elder Carmichael started and his horse swerved. He looked upon Warburton, glaring and amazed, and reined in. Apparently he would have swung from his saddle, but his brother laid a hand on his arm, pleading with him. Warburton watched the altercation, and presently the elder seemed to assent reluctantly. He shook his reins and the two cantered past the inn, Warburton still watching them impassively till they vanished in the wood about the combe.

Warburton guessed that he had been accounted dead and that his reappearance had been the cause of Nicholas Carmichael's fury. It was clear, too, that this black marauder had been dissuaded from a public and personal assault, but how long would Warburton be free and secure? He did not inquire. Yet it was with no surprise that an hour later he heard the innkeeper knocking on his door with the news that Mr. Philip Carmichael desired to see him.

The younger Carmichael greeted him in a friendly fashion. He was dressed very fastidiously, and wore a spruce air as a young buck who was used to ogle pretty women.

"This is a devilish awkward business, Mr. Warburton," said he; "devilish awkward. You have made a mess of it, a devil of a mess."

"Why?" said Warburton; "I had supposed that I came off very well, seeing the odds against me. I assume 'tis to my attempted assassination that you refer, sir?"

"Damme! you use rough words, Mr. Warburton," replied Philip. "You play the spy and must look for the spy's fate. You should have spirit enough to stand the risks, sir, like a brave man. Gad! I run my risks without whining."

"I have not whined, sir, to my knowledge," returned Warburton. "I was merely endeavoring to discover the reason why I am honored by this visit. One of your name, of course, is always welcome; still—perhaps you would explain."

"Hang your wit," said Philip, bluntly. "We know where we lie, both of us, sir. I can tell you, Mr. Warburton, that you are in a dangerous position. You walk upon a plank, sir."

"'Tis to threaten me you are come, then?" inquired Warburton, raising his eyebrows.

Philip laughed. "I see no need to quarrel over terms," he said, shrugging his shoulders gracefully. "The fact is that you know too much, Mr. Warburton, and there are those who will not endure that. You are dangerous."

"It appears, sir, that we are both dangerous," said Warburton.

Philip eyed him. "Is it your intention to be so?" he asked, presently.

Warburton gave him back his survey with even more equanimity.

"And if it were so?" he asked, in his turn.

Philip Carmichael stared at him. "Do you not know that such a confession would seal your ruin, sir?" he said. "You have seen the country here, and guess how it is carried on, and where its interest lies. I think you can form a guess, too, at what you hazard. This is not London, Mr. Warburton, and the King's writ is very lightly regarded here. You could have us hanged. Yes, but ere that could happen, damme! where would you lie? You have to deal with men who do not hesitate, sir; who live by steel and fire and shrink not from these. But, faith! I threaten nothing. I but point out where these wicked fellows may break forth. I am here on another errand, which is to enlist your sympathy."

"In what object, Mr. Carmichael?" inquired Warburton, civilly.

"Why, sir, you have seen too much, and we would have you forget. I would ask your word, sir, between gentlemen, that you will go home and keep your tongue. What you have witnessed and suppose shall be considered no affair of yours."

"You ask me to promise oblivion, but 'tis my misfortune to have a good memory," said Warburton.

"Zounds! let your memory act how it will. 'Tis your voice I would control," said Carmichael, amiably. "You have taken offence, no doubt, at your pursuit; yet others have taken offence at you. I know not how you came to be wandering among the Skittles."

"Poor, storm-tossed mariners must go somewhere," said Warburton, politely. "Whither better than to the hospitable shores of Lynsea?"

Philip Carmichael paid no heed to this ironical answer. "I am asking you as a favor, Mr. Warburton," he said, "will you not pledge me your honor to be silent? You are no spy of the law?"

"I doubt," said Warburton, slowly, "if you know exactly what I am?"

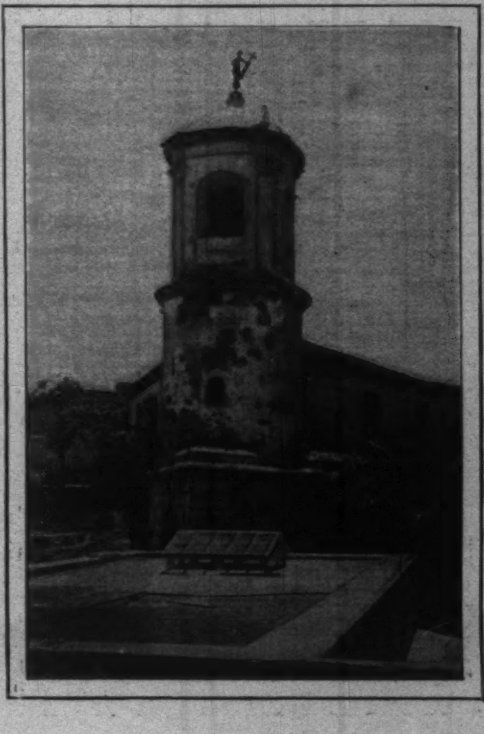
"No, I'm damned if I do!" said Philip, frankly; "but I know what you will be if you are not wise and take a piece of friendly advice."

"Why, you threaten and cajole me in different breaths," said Warburton, smiling.

"I want you out of this," said Philip, shortly. "You fancy you can give information and avenge your treatment of yesterday. You conceive that you have the bridle on us. Well, you are wrong; damnably wrong. You can do nothing. I advised you for your good and you reply with sneers. Curse me if I waste my temper on you! I am done with you. But you are a marked man. Your life is not your own, but belongs to others, who will reap it when they choose. And in that harvest, by God! sir, you shall lament this most obstinate madness."

"I wish you a good afternoon, Mr. Carmichael!" said Warburton, as the young man thrust on his hat, and swinging his whip impatiently, strode towards the door.

TO BE CONTINUED



La Habana

SOMETIME about the year 1515 Columbus entered the landlocked bay now known as the harbor of Havana. In the still water he careened his vessels over and painted their bottoms with native asphaltum, which was found not far inland. When he left he named his refuge Puerto de Carenas, which means the port of careening, or, in its broader sense, the port of repairs. At the time of his visit there was a settlement of Indians known by the Indian name of Habana, the real meaning of which word is now lost.

Two or three years later the little village of Habana was abandoned, and a new village with the same name was built at the mouth of the Chorrera River, just west of Puerto de Carenas. About 1520 the value of the magnificent anchorage at Puerto de Carenas was realized by the people of Habana, and once more the village was moved. This time it absorbed the settlement of Puerto de Carenas, and the latter lost its identity and its name. The busy water-front of the great city of Havana of modern times is the site of the former village of Habana, and the first work of defence, commenced in 1538 by Adelantado Hernando de Soto (he who discovered the Mississippi), is now known as La Fuerza Barracks. The old fort still stands, little the worse for time.

La Fuerza at one time presented its stern front to the harbor without obstruction, but now it is built about so that only its graceful tower is visible from the streets of the city.

In the tower of La Fuerza is a bell which has been there for over three hundred years. A lookout was always stationed in the tower, for in days gone by these seas were infested with pirates. When a suspicious vessel appeared off the coast the sentry rang the bell.

On the top of the tower stands the bronze figure of an Indian maiden holding a cross in her left hand. She faces the harbor and the sea, and it is said that the sailors of all the world who made these West-Indian ports christened her "La Habana," and thus the port became known through the fame of this Indian girl to men of all nationalities.

This Indian girl still stands on La Fuerza in her hopefully defiant attitude, her sharp profile turned towards the harbor mouth, her eyes looking far out across the Gulf of Mexico. She has seen many ships come and go during her long vigil. She has seen the Indians driven from the land by the Spaniards, and the Spaniards by the Americans. J. D. WHELPLEY.

In the Orange Free State

BY EDGAR MELS,

FORMER EDITOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

IT is just seventy-two years since the first Boer trekked across the Orange River and settled on the spot now called Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. Seven years later came the great trek from the Cape Colony, and the Free State came into existence.

Then the country swarmed with Zulus and Basutos, and the Free-Staters had to battle for life and home. Now the land swarms with the Briton, and for the first time in their history the Free-Staters have taken arms against England.

Leaving aside the question of a defensive treaty with the Transvaal, the Free State has one grievance against Britain—the loss of Griqualand West, the province in which Kimberley is situated. The tract of land, triangular in shape, was claimed by the Griqua chief Waterboer, and transferred by him to Britain. When the Free State protested, Sir Donald Currie was appointed "arbitrator" and decided against the Free State.

Since then—1871—the Free State has nursed its grievance in silence.

THE Boers of the Free State are essentially a pastoral people. Aside from the marvellously rich diamond deposits at Jaegersfontein (Hunter's Fountain), the Free State has nothing to distract its ambition from the growing of cereals and the raising of sheep and cattle. Farms thousands of acres in extent abound, the one on which Cronje made his last stand being 30,000 acres in extent.

In character, too, the Free State burghers differ from the Transvaal Boers. The former, being nearer to the civilization of the Cape Colony, have profited more or less thereby, and are moderately progressive. In religion, too, the Free-Stater is more tolerant. The Transvaal Boer knows no church save the Dutch Reformed. The Free-Staters, while mainly Lutherans, are to some extent Wesleyans and even Episcopalians—in fact, there are Roman Catholics among them. But whatever their respective creed, they are as devout as their Transvaal brethren.

NEXT to Pretoria, Bloemfontein is the prettiest settlement of any size in South Africa. Inhabited by four thousand whites and as many natives—in time of peace—it can boast, if it should be inclined to do so, of two daily and two weekly papers, to say nothing of four hotels and the Bloemfontein Club.

The place is situated upon a plain, surrounded by low hills, none rising to a higher elevation than two hundred feet. On one of these kopjes to the south is a small fort, erected by the British government as a means of defence against the Basutos. Near by is a simple monument to keep green the memory of those killed in the Basuto war of 1865-8.

Like all South-African towns, Bloemfontein consists of a market square with streets and houses radiating in all directions. The habitations are rather pretty as a rule, for Bloemfontein is (or was) the seat of both the Anglican and Roman Catholic bishoprics, as well as being a centre of Wesleyan activity. And of course civilization has followed in the footsteps of the Churches.

THE most picturesque spot of any South-African town is the crowded market square. All such squares are alike to me, with their low, corrugated-iron houses lining their sides—with the post-office or government building at the upper end—with the square itself a foot deep with reddish dust or villanous mud, according to the weather.

The most interesting phase of the square is the morning market, just after sunrise. All night long, heavy-wheeled wagons, laden until they creak in unoiled agony, drawn by from twelve to fifty head of patient oxen, have arrived. By the side of each wagon strides a scantily clad native, whip in hand—with handle twenty feet long and a lash even longer. With this instrument the driver can flick a fly from the ear of one of the leaders or can take a piece of its hide—as the humor is upon him.

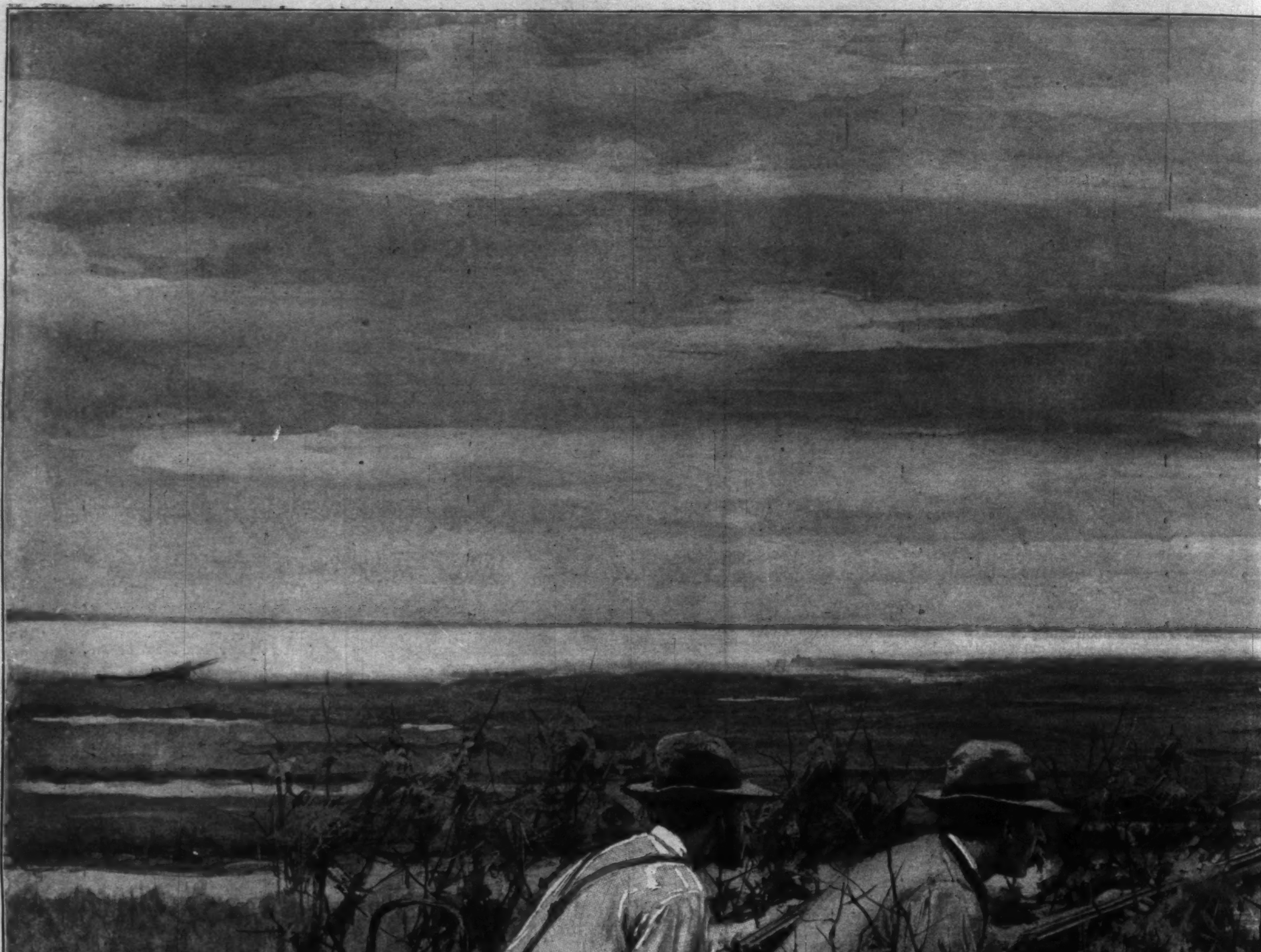
Once arrived on the square, the oxen drop to the ground, chewing their respective cuds in contemplative stoicism. The native "boy" drops his whip and squats himself on the ground. Then the small tent at the rear of the wagon opens, a weather-beaten burgher emerges and goes to some other new-comer to talk business or politics or anything else.

Wagon after wagon arrives, laden with produce, machinery, goods, and, in fact, with anything that will sell. The square soon appears like an immense bit of fly-paper with thousands of flies fast on its sticky surface. The hum and buzz of human voices are interrupted by the sharp crack of a whip-lash.

THE Bloemfontein market square is the site of the Town Hall, the post and telegraph offices, and the Mutual Building, and the Bloemfontein Club.

The most interesting building in the town is the National Museum, in Douglas Street. Formerly it was a church, than a Raad Zaal (Congressional Hall), and then a court-house. It was in this building in which the British Convention of 1854 was held at which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the Free State.

Now the building is occupied by a museum, the principal attraction of which is the collection of fossilized fish found in the Free State. Scientists have classified them as *Cleethrolepsis extoni*, but the Boers assert that they are *Seminotus capensis*. Whether these diverse opinions and the attendant excitement would have been used by Great Britain as an excuse for interfering in the internal affairs of the Free State had the war not broken out, I am not prepared to say.



BAY SNIPE

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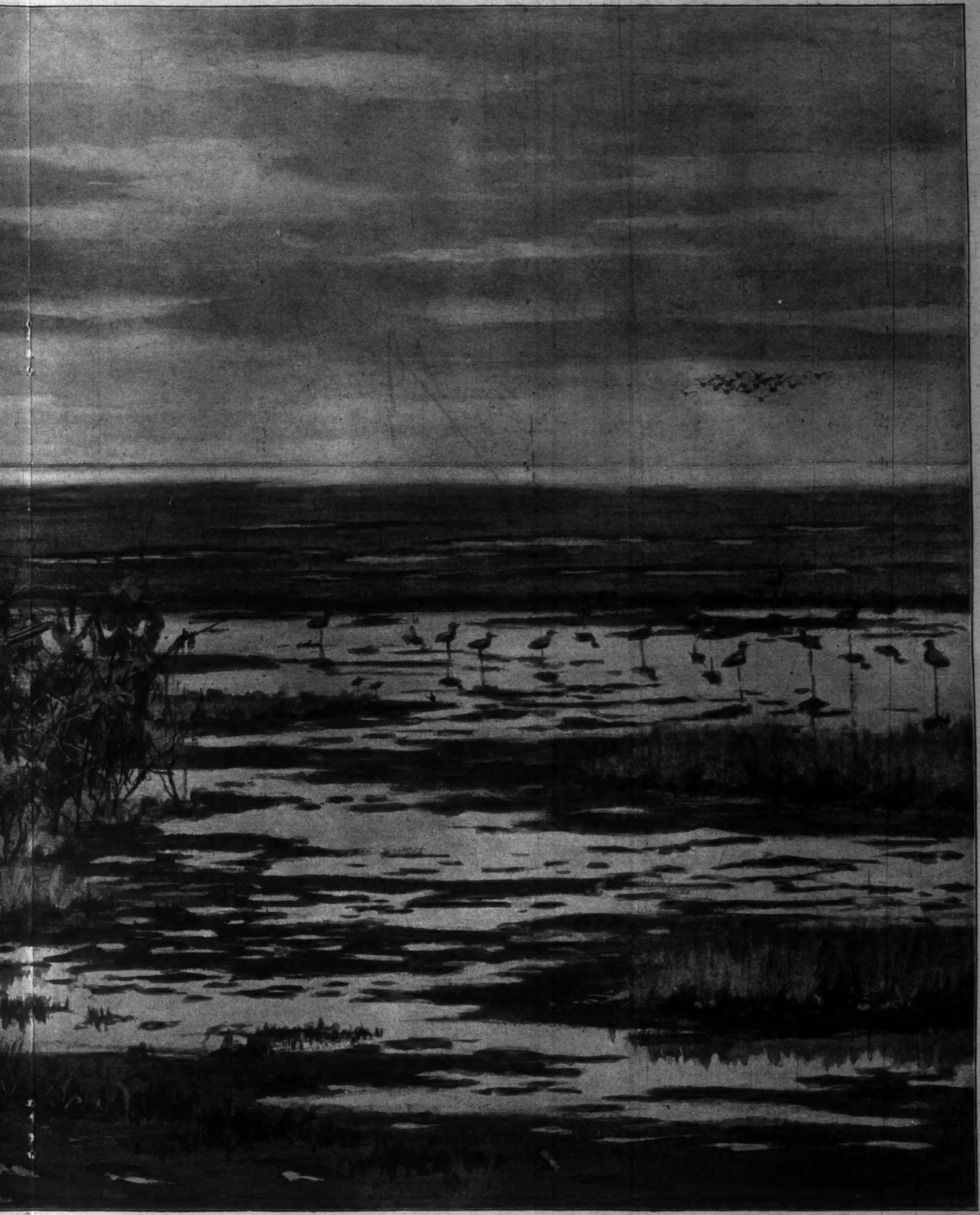
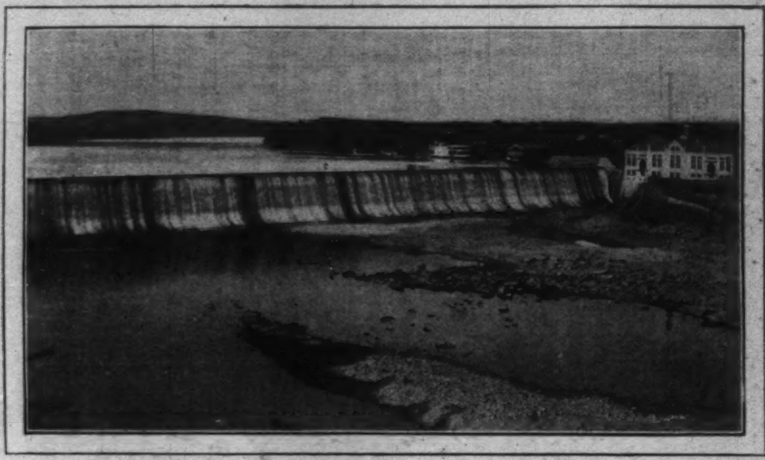
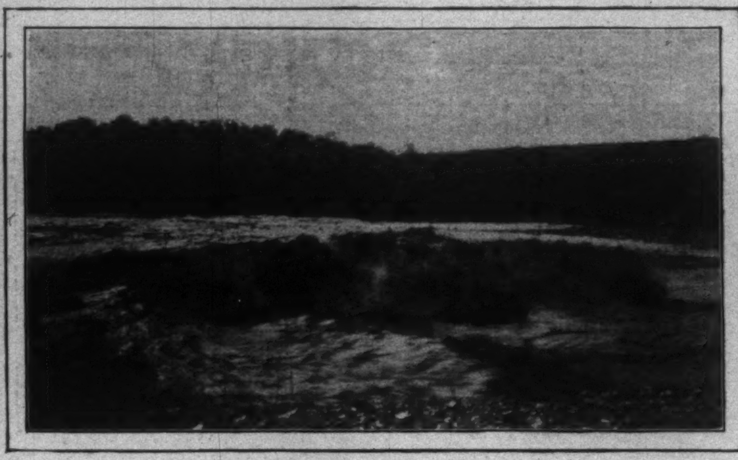


E SHOOTING

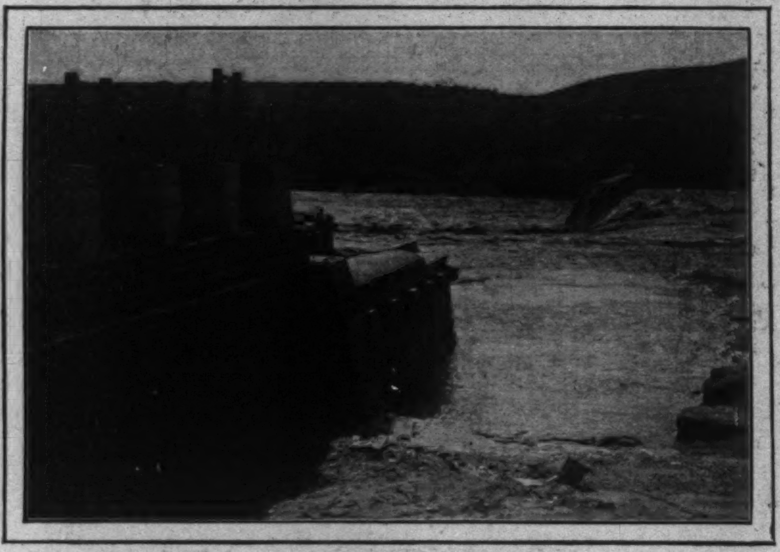
BY A. B. FROST



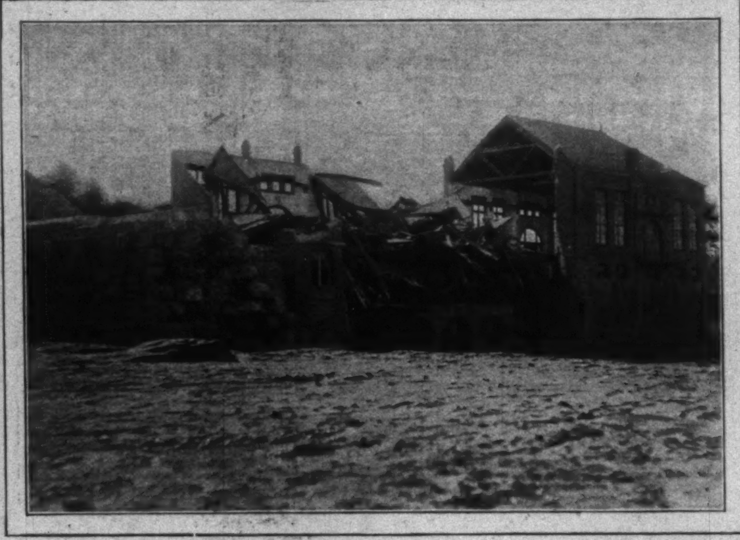
THE DAM BEFORE THE BREAK OCCURRED.



THE FLOOD-WAVE.



VIEW FROM THE SHORE, LOOKING WEST.



THE WRECKED POWER-HOUSE.

THE BREAKING OF THE COLORADO RIVER DAM AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

The break occurred at 11 o'clock on the morning of April 7. The power-house was destroyed, and a number of workmen were killed. Many more lives were lost by drowning as the flood poured down the valley below the dam. No reliable estimate of the loss in property has yet been made, but it will doubtless be reckoned in the millions.

The Queen in Dublin

THE observant intelligent Irishman says the Queen's visit to Dublin is "good politics." Its weakness lies in the fact that it is too evidently politics, and no one is deceived by it. I have just seen the people of Dublin and its vicinity, including thousands of representatives from all parts of Ireland, welcome her Majesty, without one demonstration of disrespect. But there was also no such evidence of enthusiasm as the visit of President McKinley to any city of the United States would call forth. The comparison is inevitable by one who has witnessed both occasions. The Irish are a demonstrative people, but there was as little demonstration over the Queen's visit as there might have been over any less important event which called together a crowd and gave excuse for a holiday. You will hear diametrically opposite opinions on this subject from Irishmen, taking color entirely from their political faith. Well-to-do Protestant Irishmen have told me in all seriousness that the Irish question was settled—that the Irish were becoming reconciled. There is no evidence of this among the Catholic Irish, and especially among those who are not prosperous.

Every city likes a holiday. Dublin proved no exception to the rule on the occasion of the Queen's visit. The point of greatest interest was at the Leeson Street bridge, where the ceremony of presenting the keys of the city occurred. Dublin has no city gates; but to maintain the city's traditions gates had been constructed. They were of canvas, and they formed part of a canvas tower or castle, quite imposing and almost deceptive. Just within the gates a stand had been erected for the Lord Mayor's use—a plain wooden reviewing-stand. Eighty of its seats were assigned to newspaper artists and correspondents. There was one French journalists among them.

The Lord Mayor and Councillors, the Town Clerk and other city officials, arrived separately. They wore cocked hats, excepting the Town Clerk, who had assumed a very judicial wig. They carried on their arms their robes of office—long red cloth gowns heavily trimmed with fur. These somewhat heavy coverings they assumed when they had reached their places in the stand.

The arrival of Lord-Mayor Pile and the Lady Mayoress was a matter of much ceremony. They were preceded by four smooth-faced Irishmen in black velvet coats made heavy with silver lace, cocked hats, white silk stockings, and low shoes. These four carried long staffs. One of them bore aloft the large basket of flowers which the Lady Mayoress was to present to the Queen. The Lord Mayor carried the casket of gold containing the address from the Corporation and the keys of the city. This casket was very beautiful. It was of solid gold, decorated in enamel. Its lining was of pearl-colored silk with the shamrock woven in the pattern. This casket was placed on a cushion of blue satin arranged on a silk-draped table before the Lord Mayor. Behind this table the four lackeys ranged themselves. Meantime two very gorgeous figures careered up and down the roadway on horseback. They wore cocked hats, and on their backs were heavy coats of velvet with armorial bearings. They suggested nothing so much as one of Mr. Grau's gorgeous heralds in "Lohengrin." These two were the Ulster King-at-Arms and the Athlone Pursuivant, and they were to play an important part in the ceremonial.

The Queen's yacht had arrived at Kingstown, the port of Dublin, at two o'clock of Tuesday. Wednesday morning the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland drove to the station in all the panoply of outriders and bewigged coachboys, and took a special train to Kingstown, where he welcomed the Queen as she was brought ashore from her yacht. Then he returned by train to the city and went to the Viceregal Lodge to welcome her on her arrival there. The Queen drove to the city in an open carriage drawn by four horses driven by a coachman, with footmen and outriders. With her were Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Other members of the royal party were in other carriages—a small train of them—preceded and followed by the Household Cavalry.

At Kingstown there was the brief presentation of an address by the Urban Council. Then the carriages and their escort started at a smart trot along the road to Dublin. The road was not crowded. It is said there was very little enthusiasm. If the reception given the Queen at Leeson Street is a measure for her experience everywhere, this is probably true.

Some time before the royal carriage appeared the canvas gates swung to. Two picturesque beef-eaters stood guard on each side. On the ramparts of the canvas tower now appeared a trumpeter and blew a cheerful blast. Then he cried that the Athlone Pursuivant was at the gates asking admission for the Queen of England. The gates were ordered to be opened, and the Athlone Pursuivant came galloping in. Doffing his hat, he informed the Lord Mayor that the Queen was at the gates and desired admission. Orders were given him to admit the Queen, and he galloped away again. Then the Lord Mayor and all others in municipal authority marched across the roadway, walking on a crimson cloth, and ranged themselves on another long strip of crimson opposite the Mayor's stand. One inharmonious figure appears in the picture. The Bearer of the Sword of the City of Dublin is a political "ticket-of-leave man." Not unnaturally, he objected to participating in a ceremony which paid honor to the sovereign whose government had made him a political martyr for eight years. In the emergency a Mr. Burke, son of a former Sword Bearer, was pressed into service, and he was manifestly ill at ease in a high fur cap and a pair of black knee-breeches.

All this ceremony actually preceded the Queen's arrival by some ten minutes. She was not at the gate when the Athlone Pursuivant announced her. Presently there was some mild cheering without the gates, and the Household Cavalry dashed through at a sharp trot. In a closed carriage following came the Earl of Denbigh. In the next were the Countess of Antrim, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, the Right Hon. Sir Matthew White Ridley. In the third carriage were the Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

In the fourth carriage was the Queen sitting alone, facing the Princess Christian and Princess Henry. The Duke of Connaught and his staff rode beside the carriage. This carriage stopped on the strip of crimson cloth directly opposite the Lord Mayor. All the red-gowned officials stood with uncovered heads, while in the background the redcoats, a detachment of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, stood at present arms.

The Lord Mayor stepped forward and presented the Corporation address, reading it aloud before handing it to her Majesty. The Queen in a few words, spoken so low that they were indistinguishable to any but those with the Lord Mayor, accepted the address and handed him a formal reply engrossed on parchment. This the Town Clerk afterwards read aloud to those on the stand.

With the presentation of the basket of flowers by the Lady Mayoress the ceremony was ended, and without delay the royal procession moved on through the streets of Dublin to Phœnix Park and the Viceregal Lodge. The route of the procession took the Queen past many points of interest which probably appealed to her with particular force. One of these was the old home of O'Connell. Another was the statue of Grattan, standing on the spot where the bereaved Queen in the early years of her widowhood had offered to place a statue of Prince Albert. The route through Phœnix Park was not past the scene of the famous assassinations, but not far from it.

During her stay in Dublin the Queen will drive about the streets of the city frequently, and possibly a more intimate acquaintance with the royal personality will effect something towards that "reconciliation" which the English government desires so earnestly and which the Irish seem so indisposed to accept.

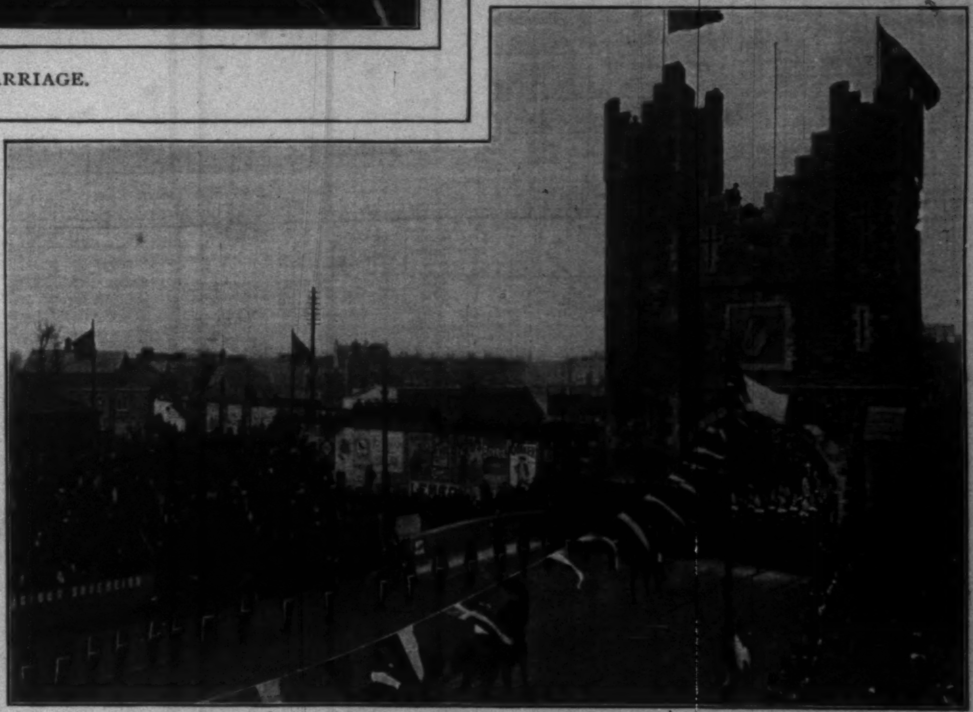
DUBLIN, THURSDAY, *April 5.* GRANT HAMILTON.

THE QUEEN PASSING THROUGH DAME STREET, OPPOSITE THE BANK OF IRELAND.

THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE.

BEEF-EATERS AT THE CITY GATE.

CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS.



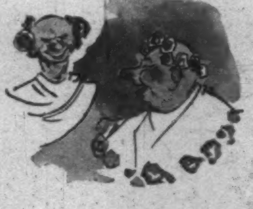
ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT THE CITY GATE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DUBLIN.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

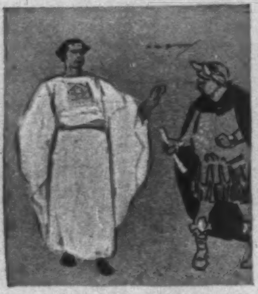
PROBABLY every reader of Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis* formed some idea of the appearance of the characters in the novel. It is difficult for a reader not to decide for himself what the physical traits of a hero or heroine may be, however minutely the author may have indicated them. In a purely subjective way there is always room for the imagination. The theatrical use of novels, therefore, is beset with a peculiar danger. The leading figures of the novel-drama must conform not only to the author's ideas, but also to the reader's — two standards which are frequently at variance. The prospects of success are greater when general, rather than specific, impressions are realized.



THE RIVAL REVELLERS.

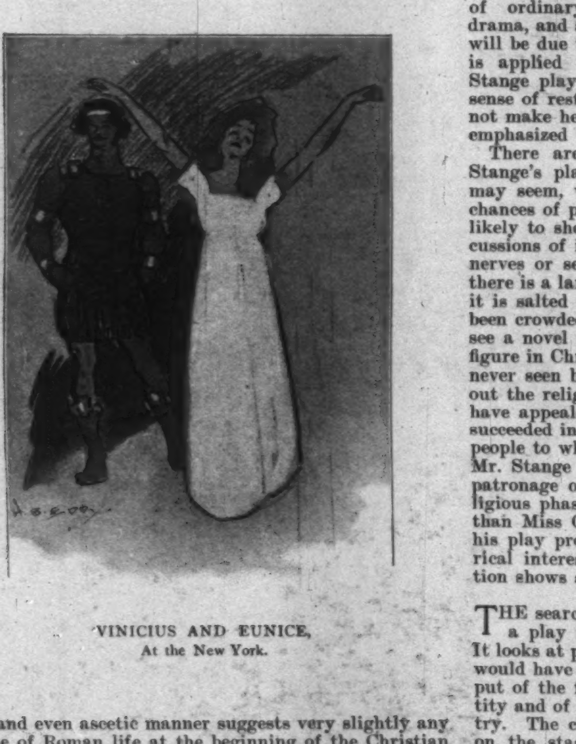
Admirers of the types in *Quo Vadis*, however, are not to be confined to the usual narrow range. They are able to choose between two widely different sets of actors, who are embodying the early Christians and decadent Romans in two different dramatic versions of the novel—one to be seen at the Herald Square Theatre and the other at the New York. This competition ought to have its profitable features.

Disgusted with the inability of one *Vinicius* to look anything like his conception of the character, the disappointed admirer of Sienkiewicz's hero may find in the other actor of the same part a representative more in accordance with his own ideas. Were this same course pursued in the case of the *Petronius*, *Lygia*, and *Nero*, at both theatres, the two versions of *Quo Vadis* might be on view for a very long period. But neither in the version made by Miss Gilder nor in the one by Stanislaus Stange are the actors likely to satisfy entirely anybody with preconceived ideas as to the classic beauty and grace that belong to the characters. Luckily the interpreters of the two versions are sufficiently unlike to appeal to totally different standards of taste, and many persons may be satisfied at the way in which their own ideas have been put upon the stage.



PETRONIUS AND NERO,
At the New York.

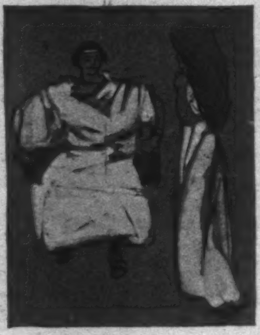
JOSEPH HAWORTH as the *Vinicius* of the Herald Square, and John D. Blair with the responsibility of the same part at the New York, are dissimilar enough in every particular. Mr. Haworth's rather dry and even ascetic manner suggests very slightly any phase of Roman life at the beginning of the Christian era. But unlike most of the actors called upon to-day to play declamatory rôles Mr. Haworth has had some experience in the classic drama, and is able to read with some knowledge of elocutionary means and effect. More in this respect than in any other does he differ from young Mr. Blair of the Herald Square. The honors from a purely æsthetic point of view go to Mr. Haworth as well. But one realizes most his superiority in the part after listening to Mr. Blair's mumbling and his unintelligible speech, which must be based upon some theory of elocution. It is a theory quite his own, and, combined with his habitually somnolent manner, gives a strange impression of what this dashing Roman hero must have been in life. He would have seemed sadly out of place at any revel requiring behavior less solemn than the demeanor of a hearse-horse.



VINICIUS AND EUNICE,
At the New York.

As little suited to his rôle at the Herald Square is Edward Morgan—never possessed of ease or repose, but always strenuous and dramatic when he is seen at his best. Arthur Forrest, the *Petronius* further uptown, fits more readily into the character of the easy-going patrician. But it cannot be said that a wreath of roses about his head is becoming to him. Mr. Morgan would in any case have won any praise for pulchritude to be bestowed on one or the other. These four actors in the two plays are typical of the productions' most important defect. With all their draperies and canvas, conflagrations and religious tirades, martyrs and luxurious Romans, there is not the least suggestion of antiquity about the proceedings at any time. The togas and the garlands, along with the stilted language and the inflated manner of acting the two plays, seem the merest assumption. Mr. Forrest looks rather ridiculous with his wreath, and Mr. Blair is quite unimpressive in his draperies, because they and their associates are so obviously modern. Roselle Knott and Bijou Fernandez, along with the rest of the women in the two plays, contrive to create a better effect, but they are scarcely able to compensate for the lack of illusion in the men.

MISS GILDER and Mr. Stange started at the dramatization of the Sienkiewicz novel from very different points. Miss Gilder has had literary environment and training, while Mr. Stange's experience has been confined to the arrangement of plays in a way most likely to make them popularly successful. This is an occupation not even remotely connected with literature. If Miss Gilder had produced a play of remarkably fine literary quality, and Mr. Stange's version had been an extremely effective acting play, it might have been possible to draw some interesting conclusions as the result of these differences in the method of procedure. But neither play, after all, seems much worth while. Neither rises above the level of ordinary melodrama, and any especial interest that either may evoke will be due to the religious quality of the work. This is applied with abundance and elaboration in the Stange play; Miss Gilder, on the other hand, with a sense of restraint that does her credit (even if it may not make her play more popular), has not so strongly emphasized the religious character of the story.

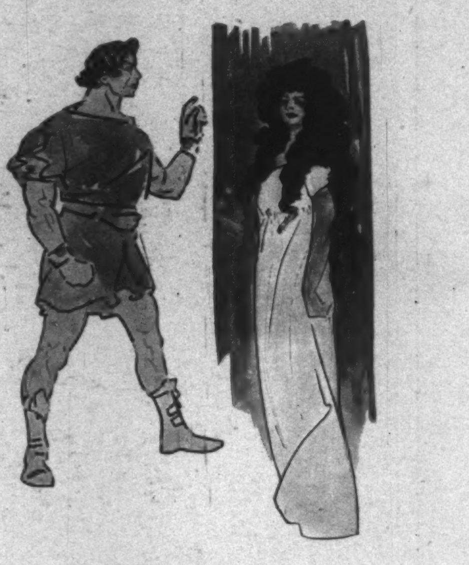


PETRONIUS AND EUNICE,
At the Herald Square.

There are long stretches of biblical talk in Mr. Stange's play, which, incomprehensible as the result may seem, will in all probability increase the play's chances of popular success. Religion in a play is very likely to shock or bore the regular theatre-goer. Discussions of it or manifestations of it either get on his nerves or seem very much out of place to him. But there is a large public which takes its drama only when it is salted with religion. One New York theatre has been crowded for six months by audiences attracted to see a novel that deals indirectly with the most sacred figure in Christianity. Those spectators were as a rule never seen before at this theatre or any other. Without the religious character in that play it could never have appealed to the public for a month. Yet it has succeeded in touching profoundly a great section of the people to whom the ordinary theatre makes no appeal. Mr. Stange has wisely made an earnest effort for the patronage of this same group by dwelling on the religious phases of the story. He has been more expert than Miss Gilder in some other respects as well, and his play probably possesses a greater degree of theatrical interest. It cannot be said that either production shows any elements of enduring prosperity.

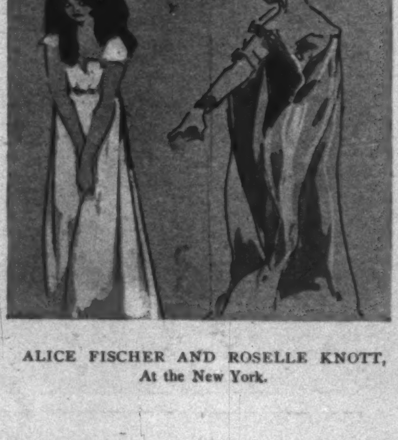
THE search for the novel which contains the germ of a play is more active just now than it ever was. It looks at present as if the American stage next winter would have to exist on the dramatized novel. The output of the foreign dramatists has been small in quantity and of a quality little adapted to use in this country. The character of the novels that are to be seen on the stage to-day shows how necessary managers think it is to rely on this market, rather than on any original material the dramatists may have.

Novels utterly undramatic in character, promising no element of the kind necessary to a play, are selected for the stage because their circulation shows that a certain number of persons are interested in them. The manager owning the dramatic rights of a popular novel has already a considerable public prejudiced in his favor. A certain number of audiences already await him. During the past three years success has come to a large number of plays drawn from novels. It might be said that they have been more successful than any of the others. This situation, combined with the meagre supply of good plays coming from Europe, has practically handed the stage over to the novelists. The dramatist will intervene as adapter. It is a curious fact that however much the American manager may need and desire the work of the native dramatist, he has far more confidence in him as an adapter than as a playwright.



VINICIUS AND LYGIA,
At the Herald Square.

This confidence is to a degree justified by results. From Paul Potter's task in making a play out of *Trilby*, which seemed impossible of success at the outset, down to the case of *David Harum*, the American dramatist as an adapter has distinguished himself. George Du Maurier's novel offered little dramatic opportunity, and certainly the playwright with *David Harum* as his material must have found it difficult to decide on a starting-point. But his labor of making a drama out of a series of more or less disconnected anecdotes appears to have been accomplished satisfactorily. No work of the kind could be a greater proof of the American adapter's skill, nor show more strikingly the present demand for the successful novel on the stage. Not all of the dramatizations have proved so difficult. In some instances the skeleton of the play was already at hand, for the astute novelist had written with an eye to the demand for the use of his material in another form. It may be that managerial confidence is greater in the American dramatist when he is at work on somebody else's novel rather than on his own play, because story, character, and, in a measure, dialogue, are already provided. He has only to fit them to the needs of the stage. Even with the novelists keeping the theatre in view as their ultimate goal, this is not always easy. It is, in fact, the essential part of the playwright's art, and distinguishes him from the novelist.



ALICE FISCHER AND ROSELLE KNOTT,
At the New York.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

WITH the approval and concurrence of the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Cambridge, the President and Fellows of Harvard University have invited 1450 Cuban school-teachers to spend six weeks in Cambridge this summer, beginning July 5, and receive such instruction as the Harvard Summer School can give them. It is a pretty big undertaking to receive, provide for, and instruct 1450 guests for six weeks, but the Harvard authorities have tackled the whole of it. They not only offer instruction without charge, but board and lodging as well. They estimate that the cost of their hospitalities will be about $70,000 in money, and they ask for subscriptions towards that amount, which may be sent to the treasurer of the university, Mr. C. F. Adams 2d, 50 State Street, Boston.

It will be observed that the cost of taking care of the Cuban teachers is estimated to be about six dollars a week each. Their transportation from Cuba to Boston is the concern of the War Department, which is to bring them and take them home on government transports. About three-fifths of them will be women, who will lodge in private houses in Cambridge and take their meals in Memorial Hall, while the men are expected to find quarters in the college dormitories, and to take their meals in Randall Hall. The expectation is that the students of the university will offer the use of their rooms for the men, and that the residents of Cambridge will provide shelter for the women. There are three or four thousand students resident in Cambridge in term-time, and of course in summer there is no lack of vacant lodgings there. The visitors will receive instruction in English, geography, and American history, and will hear lectures on the history of the Spanish colonies, the organization of American schools, on public libraries, and on some American industries. Some short excursions will also be arranged for them.

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THE instigator of this remarkable enterprise is Mr. A. E. Frye, Superintendent of Public Schools in Cuba. It seems an admirable scheme, full of the promise of important benefits, direct and indirect. However the Cuban problem works out, and whether Cuban independence is near at hand or not, there is no doubt that the relations of Cuba to our country will always be intimate and that the interests of the two countries can never again be wholly separated. It is of extreme importance that public education in Cuba should progress as rapidly and effectually as possible, and it is also of extreme importance that the Cubans and the Americans should learn to know one another. Both of these ends should be admirably promoted by this great project of hospitality and instruction. It is primarily a Massachusetts enterprise, but doubtless outside aid will not be refused in carrying it through.

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SINCE the passage of the Porto-Rican bill in the teeth of so strong a popular opposition, it has seemed to the profanely disposed a little as though the Republicans, on a Public-be-d—d platform, might dispute for national control with the Democrats on a platform of Wot t'ell! There was little doubt about the fervor of the popular dissatisfaction with the tariff clause in the Porto-Rican bill, but it would be a mistake to suppose that Republican Congressmen were either unaware of it or indifferent to it. A member of the House said last week that the action of Congress in passing the bill was a notable instance of self-abnegation, and the performance of a duty that conflicted with private interest. For himself he said that he thought the tariff clause in the bill was all right, and necessary as a means of raising revenue for the island's needs, but that the scheme of government which the bill provided by no means coincided with his ideals. He had voted for the bill, good points and bad, because of the extreme need that some course should be settled on at once, and because of the extreme difficulty of passing a better bill at the present time. But he expected to be called to account at home for his vote, and so did many others. He said also that the question of governing the colonies outside of the Constitution had been labored over with most studious attention by members of Congress, and the opinions of the learned on that subject had been eagerly received and considered. He knew the views of leading professors in the leading law-schools of the country about it, and said that copies of some of their opinions had been passed about among legislators until they were worn out. While we all know that the questions relating to the government of our new dependencies are novel and difficult, it may be reassuring to some readers to learn that Congress takes its duties seriously and bends its faculties with perspiring zeal to the solution of knotty points.

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THE experiences of Frank Hamilton Cushing with the Zuñi Indians, with whom he lived for six years following 1879, gave him a national reputation as an ethnologist, so that thousands of readers knew him well enough to feel regretful interest in the news of his death on April 10. He was born in Pennsylvania forty-three years ago, and began his Indian studies early at his home in North East, making there, and in Barre, New York, where he lived as a boy, a collection of Indian relics which showed so strong a bent and so much intelligence that in 1875 he was engaged as assistant in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. From there he went, in 1879, with an expedition to New Mexico, and being left behind at his own desire with the Zuñi Indians, he was in due time adopted as a member of the tribe, was initiated into a secret order of medicine-men, and made an exhaustive study of their language, habits, traditions, and myths. In 1886 he was made director of the Hemenway archæological expedition, which made extensive diggings in Arizona, and brought back a large collection of prehistoric loot to the Peabody Museum in Cambridge. In 1896 he conducted the Pepper-Hearst expedition to the Gulf-coast of Florida, and brought back relics of the dwellers in the Florida Keys. He has left behind two books, *The Myths of Creation* and *The Arrow*, besides many monographs, reports, and magazine articles.

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EVERYBODY knows and praises the Cooper Union and its work, but very few persons besides Mr. Cooper and his children have given it money. There has been a sentiment about it that it was so consummately useful and was managed with so much intelligence that it could get along on a very moderate income. Its recent windfall from the estate of the late John Halstead, retired tea-merchant, who died last May, was entirely unexpected, and promises to be by far the largest gift it has received since Peter Cooper founded it. Mr. Halstead's will and the later developments recall the rich discoveries which followed the demise of the lawyers' best friend, the lamented Fayerweather. In life Mr. Halstead was not known to be an accumulator, and when it was found that he had made Cooper Union his residuary legatee it was thought that the Union might get $25,000 from his estate. But it seems he had first-rate taste in stocks and had been able to indulge it, so that by the time his securities reach the Union's strong-box they are likely to be worth something like half a million dollars. It must be gratifying to the Cooper Union managers to know that Mr. Halstead chose their institution as an investment for his savings after long and patient examination of its methods and its work. He found that it gave admirably the sort of instruction to working-people that he desired to promote.

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THE plan for the manufacture of a form of money which may be safely sent by mail, of which the papers give more or less information, seems in its complete intentions to be highly comprehensive. The proposition, as appears, is that all government bills of the denominations of one, two, and five dollars should be in the form of blank checks on the government, which any person can make payable to any other person, and which the receiver may endorse and cash at the post-office. How a sender of one of the government checks would stop payment on it if it were lost does not appear, but there might be a way to do it. At any rate, the bill could not be used without the receiver's endorsement. The plan also provides for the issue of $50,000,000 in fractional currency in this form, in denominations of 10, 15, 25, and 50 cents. Secretary Gage is represented as opposed to the plan, but the Post-office Department seems to approve it. A special issue of this sort of money for use in the mails seems a better plan than to apply the system to all the smaller bills. As for paper fractional currency, it would be a nuisance for any use except to send in letters.

* * *

HOW severely regretful are the new magazines as they appear of the weaknesses and shortcomings of their predecessors. *East and West*, in its first number, issued last September, pointed out that existing magazines fill up "with articles of a reportorial nature, with pictures, and with the work of scientific and political specialists." Verse, it said, in magazines that use it, "occupies the subordinate and unworthy place of stop-gap," and fiction is too apt to be recommended by an author's name rather than by its merit. *East and West*, "a monthly magazine of letters," aspired to be different—to wit, to be entirely literary; to print *good* verse, well-written stories, and essays of contemporaneous interest. It is seven months old and still sticks nobly to its ideals, eschewing pictures and articles of a reportorial nature, and printing poetry in good places and big type, as though poets were as good as anybody. In a way it is the evidence of the existence of a nursery of university culture in New York, for it was founded and is conducted by two recent graduates of Columbia, who have been abetted and counselled by several well-known men of letters from the faculty of that institution, and by other veteran writers of New York. It is pleasing to the eye and acceptable—sometimes even agreeably surprising—to the discriminating mind; a workmanlike document, and sincerely devoted to its business.

* * *

THE Mr. John W. Gates who, as chairman of the directors of the American Steel and Wire Company, has recently leaped into very widespread recognition, has been the subject of such comment in the newspapers as would indicate that he is the sort of trust official whom President Hadley had in mind when he said there might be some trust officers whom we ought not to dine with. President Hadley was a good deal criticised for that opinion, but if Mr. Gates has not vindicated it, he is a much-abused person and ought to sue the press of the country for defamation of character. The exploits which have won him his recent notoriety were the dissemination of pessimistic views as to the condition of the steel industry in this country, and the closing of a number of mills which his company controlled, on the ground of over-production. As a consequence about five hundred million dollars' worth of steel stocks experienced a sudden and violent depreciation in value, which has been very disturbing to their owners. It has been asserted with earnestness and some rancor that the steel business is in excellent condition and that Mr. Gates knows it, and that he has been croaking and shutting down mills for the express purpose of cheating his own stockholders out of their money. This very injurious suggestion has caused Mr. Gates to be compared with Guy Fawkes, Titus Oates, Richard Turpin, Captain Kidd, and especially with the late Colonel James Fisk, who is recalled as a financier who favored very upsetting methods in the treatment of properties with which he was concerned. It appears that Mr. Gates belongs in Chicago. His species does not recommend itself to the conservative taste of New York, where society at present feels as coldly towards him as even President Hadley could wish.

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DR. ISAAC M. WISE, who died on March 26 in Cincinnati at the age of eighty-one, was one of the best known and most honored Jews in this country, where for sixty years he had been the leader of the movement for a reformed and progressive Judaism. He was born in Bohemia and educated at Prague, where he graduated at the university, and in 1842 at the Jewish Theological Seminary. His progressive ideas came out very early, and partly on their account he gave up his first charge and came in 1846 to America. Here the reform movement in the Jewish Church had already begun, and impatience with extreme ceremonial and the strict laws of the Talmud had led to the organizations of reformed congregations in several of the larger cities. Dr. Wise's first charge was in Albany, but the innovations he favored were unwelcome there, and he retired. He found employment for a time in the State Library at Albany, but in 1854 was called to Cincinnati to the Bene Yeshurun Congregation, with which his relations continued for the rest of his life. Through his labors Cincinnati became the centre of the movement for a progressive and Americanized Judaism. There in 1873 met the convention of delegates from reform congregations, which organized the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, and established the Hebrew Union College, of which Dr. Wise became president. He did a vast deal of work as preacher, editor, organizer, and writer, and has left behind a long list of books in which are set forth the ideas of Judaism which he supported. Personally he was greatly honored, respected, and beloved, and exerted an exceedingly wide and useful influence.

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THE modernizing spirit, a phase of which Dr. Wise represented in the Jewish Church, is unusually active just now among Christians. Many Presbyteries and clergymen of the Presbyterian Church have lately asked for a revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith and the elimination of such of its tenets as are no longer thought to be necessary or useful. The Methodists, too, in some parts of the country, are moving for modifications, not of creed, but of discipline, and especially for a revision of rigid Church rules as to dancing and card-playing. Declarations of doctrine and rules of discipline represent the sentiments of the time in which they are formulated, and as knowledge increases and the habits of society change, it is inevitable that both rules and doctrines should require revision. It appears, however, that the Methodist rules from which appeal is made are not of the great John Wesley's invention, but date back no farther than 1872. We take more indulgent views than some of our fathers did of various specific means of having fun. Few persons in this generation look upon dancing and card-playing as things sinful in themselves. On the contrary, we bring up our children to dance partly, at least, to promote the happiness of others, and to play cards with filial patience for the entertainment of the aged.

* * *

IS there not an idea that may be of value to the Tree-Planting Association of New York in the reported success of Mr. G. M. Sherman, of Springfield, Massachusetts, in forcing the growth of all sorts of plant life? Mr. Sherman's method, according to a brief outline of it that the newspapers printed last week, involves the use of an apparatus by which chemicals are supplied from the surface of the ground to the roots of the growing plants. This method, we are told, when tried last year, caused a year-old bush to grow fifteen feet high and bear 2000 blossoms, while a companion bush under good natural conditions grew only three feet, and bore seven blossoms. It is thought that shade trees nourished by this process may be brought to a useful size in a year or two. If so, it seems just the thing for the trees that it is hoped to raise on a diet of gas-pipes and asphalt for the amelioration of residence streets in New York. Objection may be made that the process involves over-stimulation, and that plants once addicted to chemicals may never be weaned from them. It is possible, therefore, that the scheme may be condemned in some quarters on moral grounds, but if it is as good as it sounds, one would like to see it tried.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE legislative anarchy that has been raging in the Italian Chamber for the past two months is for the moment at an end. It sprang from the fight round the Public Safety bill, a measure promulgated by royal decree without the sanction of Parliament soon after the riots of 1898. There was nothing particularly objectionable in the bill itself. It simply legalized what all Italian ministries have done since Italy became a united kingdom, and what they will continue to do in the future, with or without the moral backing of the law. It gave them the power to prohibit public meetings that seemed likely to disturb the peace, to dissolve revolutionary clubs and societies, to prevent strikes among public servants, and to confiscate seditious newspapers. These have been the traditional and necessary practices of ministers in Italy, and though, strictly speaking, extra-legal and arbitrary, have always been condoned on the ground of public order. The Public Safety bill merely sought to put them on a legal basis, and its provisions were actually enforced throughout last year. About three months ago, however, the First Court of Cassation pronounced the status of the measure to be only that of a draft bill, for the reason that it had not been passed by Parliament and went beyond the limits within which a royal decree was constitutionally operative. The government was therefore obliged, or felt itself obliged—for the move was not a piece of good strategy—to bring the bill before the Chamber and ask for a vote upon it. The chance was too enticing for the Extreme Left to resist. Every Parliament has to suffer from a certain amount of filibustering, but the tactics of the Italian opposition went beyond anything yet experienced in England, Austria, or the United States. Within a fortnight they broke up six sittings. When the flood of oratory that swept over every subject except the one in hand began to weaken, the banging of desk-lids, howling and screeching, and fusillades of paper pellets kept up the merry game. In the end the government withdrew the Public Safety bill, and by a neat manœuvre which it would take too long to narrate, managed to pass some amendments to the standing orders which will enable any ministry with a backbone to checkmate obstruction. The Extreme Left had the grace to recognize its final defeat by leaving the House in a body, and the Chamber adjourned until May 15.

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IN the future Presidents of the Italian Chamber will have the power of bringing in soldiers to expel members guilty of obstruction. That is certainly the most strenuous action yet taken to kill a disease which is capable of paralyzing party government. A very thoughtful English newspaper prophesies that the next constitution of any free country will contain a clause disfranchising any member who obstructs, unless reseated by a three-fourths vote. The Continental view of obstruction is that it is a quite legitimate trick in the game, to be adopted whenever circumstances make it convenient as a handy means of making things uncomfortable for the ministry in power. The Germans and Czechs obstruct one another's proposals in the Vienna Reichsrath as a matter of principle, and without troubling to inquire whether the proposals are sound or not. It is enough for the Germans that the Czechs want something, to rally all their forces in the attempt to prevent their getting it. Herein Continental filibustering differs from the English and American brand. In the House of Commons, as in Congress, a party that made obstruction a rule of conduct, that set out deliberately to prevent any and every measure from coming to a division, would have seven-eighths of the House and the whole country against them. But obstruction on the Continent is not looked upon with disapproval *per se*. It is held to be as necessary and proper a branch of Parliamentary tactics as making speeches, and may be applied indifferently and indiscriminately without rousing the general public to a sense that there is something wrong with the system that allows it to flourish.

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AT bottom this somewhat elementary attitude argues a certain unfitness for party government. There are fashions in politics as there are in dress, and thirty years ago it was the height of fashion on the Continent to hold up the British political system as the summing up of all possible virtues. Wherever a chance offered it was copied, or transplanted *en bloc*, in the hope, apparently, that a tree which had done well after some centuries of careful cultivation on a peculiar soil and in a highly specialized climate, would do equally well on new ground that had had no preliminary training, and under atmospheric conditions utterly unlike anything it had known in its old home. The consequence is we find Europe dotted with paper imitations of the British Constitution, from which the vitalizing spirit has gone. The machinery is all there, but the new hands do not know how to use it. Theoretically the engine is perfect, but somehow it will not work. There is not the slightest suggestion of any inferiority in this. The smooth running of the British system owes at least as much to the defects as to the excellencies of the English people. It is simply a historical fact, to which there is no use in shutting one's eyes, that party government may suit one nation but not all nations, and should not be regarded as an immutable sign of progress to be accepted everywhere. The Latin races, in particular, have never showed any aptitude for it, and probably never will. A benevolent despotism—and no despotism in modern Europe would dare to be anything but benevolent—would be far more consonant with the spirit and understanding of Spain and Italy (for instance) than the sham constitutions they now flounder under.

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EVEN in England, which is the indirect cause of all this Continental turmoil, party government is under a temporary blight. Indeed, for the time being it has almost ceased to exist. The Gladstonian party can no longer be said to constitute an opposition. The Unionists are on one side of the House, and a congerie of groups on the other. But there is the experience of the past to assure us that the recovery of the Liberals is only a question of time. They have been as disorganized and as apparently ineffective before, and they may be so again. Each time they have won back their strength, as they will win it back now. Their present collapse is due to a variety of causes—to the sudden grafting of home-rule upon their policy and its repudiation by the country—the measure was forced upon the party much as Mr. Bryan forced free silver upon the Democratic platform of 1896—to the dying out of old issues and the dearth of new ones, to the absence of any commanding leaders, to their energy and success in the past—they have reformed so much that there is hardly anything left worth reforming—and to the curious interchange of policies by which the Tories have become as socialist as the Liberals, and the Liberals, or, at any rate, a great many of them, almost as imperialistic as the Tories. Nevertheless, they still stand in a measure by their old banner of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," and when the present fever-heat of imperialism has cooled down and the bill is presented for payment, it is to the Liberals that the country will turn, not possibly at the next election, but certainly before many years are over. Moreover, the three questions of domestic policy that are sure to come up before long—the erection of a university for Catholics in Ireland, the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church, and the reformation of the House of Lords—are questions which admit of the application of the old Liberal doctrines and have within them the germ of a strengthened and united party.

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THE more one studies the Delagoa Bay Award the greater is one's amazement. It must be remembered that the arbitration tribunal was not called upon to pronounce on the right or wrong of the seizure of the railroad by Portugal. That it was a barefaced "steal," concocted between Mr. Kruger and the Portuguese officials, the inside history of which might well be studied by pro-Boer orators, has never been disputed. Portugal herself admitted it by paying into court $140,000 ten years ago when the case was first opened. The Swiss tribunal was framed simply to assess the damages. The company which Portugal and Mr. Kruger combined to defraud had a capital, mostly paid up, of $6,250,000, divided into $2,500,000 first debentures bearing interest at seven per cent.; $1,250,000 second debentures at seven per cent.; and $2,500,000 ordinary shares at $50 a share. American investments in the concern amounted to something over $1,600,000, chiefly in ordinary shares, of which the majority were held in this country. The term of the concession was for ninety-nine years, but at the end of thirty-five years the Portuguese government might expropriate the company by paying twenty years' purchase of the average receipts for the preceding five years. It was further provided that should the Portuguese government be obliged to "reoccupy" the railroad upon the failure of the contractor to fulfil his agreement, it should be considered as a trustee and put up the line to auction for the benefit of the company. Instead of that the Portuguese have kept and worked the road since their unlawful seizure of it eleven years ago, and of course have pocketed the receipts to the tune of $300,000 a year.

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IN the face of these figures the three Swiss luminaries have put the damages, in round figures, at $3.060,000, with interest at five per cent. from June, 1889, making in all a grand total of $4,750,000. Considering that the Portuguese government has received $3.300,000 as a result of its theft; considering that the ordinary shares have been valued at $110, and that Mr. Kruger was advised to buy them at twice that figure; considering that the concession was for ninety-nine years, and that even if Portugal had bought the road at the end of thirty-five years she would have had to pay—according to the calculation of the experts employed by the Swiss tribunal—$12,000,000, nearly three times the amount of the award; considering, too, that it has taken ten years for the arbitrators to come to their decision, and that the parties to the suit have to pay their own expenses—one can only conclude that a trio of village lawyers in Switzerland is not the right sort of court to pass upon large cases. As it is, if the first-debenture holders get paid in full with interest, the second debentures will receive nothing. If the first debentures are satisfied with only five per cent. interest on their bonds, the second debentures will still lose all their interest and half their capital. In either case the ordinary shareholders will get nothing.

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IT is announced that the arbitration court is to publish shortly the facts and conclusions from the facts on which its award was based. This is a curious sort of piecemeal procedure, but it may be turned to good account. The British and American governments are bound to accept the judgment as it stands, in spite of its glaring injustice. But this second report promised by the Swiss tribunal opens up some interesting possibilities. Mr. Trehane, the American counsel throughout the proceedings, has summed up the case admirably: "The nature of the judgment and the views which it enunciates would not justify a refusal to accept, because in these the discretion of the arbitrators is absolute. But where the facts on which the judgment is based are incorrectly stated, where the action of the tribunal has been tainted by fraud, or where the rights of the parties secured to them either by the agreement of reference or by the decrees of the tribunal itself have been infringed, the party injured has good ground for refusing to accept the award." There is therefore more than a slight chance that the British and American governments may decline to recognize the decision, and it need scarcely be said that in doing so they would be acting for and not against the principle of arbitration. Such a decision as this of the Swiss tribunal is the worst blow that could be struck at the cause of settling international differences by friendly agreement.

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EUROPE is watching with keen interest the closing phases of the Turco-American duel. The indifference of the Yildiz Kiosk to any and every complaint or demand from Europe grows with the growing years, and apparently was never more complacent than at this moment. In recent years no country except Germany, which sided openly with the Sultan during the Armenian massacres, has been able to extract anything from Turkey except by the more brutal forms of diplomacy. The railroad concessions in the north of Asia Minor, granted a few weeks ago to Russia, were extorted under an implied threat that the Sultan did not dare to resist. In the same way, Austria was enabled to collect damages for the ill-treatment of an Austrian subject in Asia Minor by simply announcing that if the sum demanded was not forth-coming by a certain date, a bombardment would be. It is almost an axiom of diplomacy that Turkey will never pay until she is forced to. So long as there is a chance of negotiating she will continue to make promises and explain away their non-fulfilment and bring up fresh sets of proposals in the best Oriental style. But directly she is in controversy with an opponent who means business and intends having his claims met, it is always found that in spite of the familiar tales of starving Turkish officers, and public salaries months in arrears, there is somehow enough money in the treasury to pay the bill. In the present instance, that of the indemnity to be paid for the destruction of the property of American missionaries during the Armenian massacres, the usual Turkish formulæ of diplomacy have been strictly observed, with the result that the money is still unpaid and the patience of the administration about exhausted. Three American ministers at Constantinople have tried persuasion, but without effect, except to extract from the Sultan an acknowledgment of his indebtedness. The trouble is that with each fresh admission of that kind his hold over the purse strings seems to grow tighter. The problem of how to relax it will have to be met boldly if any solution is expected.

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THE announcement that the Secretary of the Navy has ordered the casting of a bronze tablet in memory of the arduous and valuable services rendered by the British consul at Santiago during the siege is most gratifying to Englishmen, as well as honorable to the United States. Mr. Ramsden went to Cuba when a mere boy, as the representative of an English firm of exporters. Within two years he had been appointed secretary to the British consul at Santiago, and soon rose to the full consulship, which he held for nearly forty years. He was a thorough Spanish scholar, familiar with Spanish business and social affairs, and knew every motive and phase of the Spanish character. He passed through the miseries of the Ten Years' Rebellion, and played a part in the *Virginius* affair which placed the entire American nation in his debt. Captain Fry and fifty-two of his associates of the *Virginius* were massacred by the Spanish in spite of Mr. Ramsden's protests. But when ninety-three others, Americans, were condemned to death, Mr. Ramsden resolutely demanded, in the face of the most violent clamor, that the execution should be delayed until he could learn whether the prisoners were American or British subjects. When the Spanish authorities hesitated, he sent to Jamaica for a British war-ship to enforce his demands. A day later the *Niobe* ran into Santiago Harbor, ready to bombard the town, and the Americans were saved. His work during the siege of Santiago in 1898, when he had charge of American interests, his kindly diligence in promoting the safety and comfort of Lieutenant Hobson and his crew, his activity in feeding and befriending the American residents, and the valuable share he had in the negotiations that ended in the surrender of the town, were emphatically recognized by the American military and naval officers on the spot. Mr. Ramsden labored in discharge of the duties that had been so suddenly thrust upon him with an entire forgetfulness of self, and in the end paid the penalty with his life. He fell a victim to Cuban fever a few days after the surrender, and went to Kingston, Jamaica, where he died early in August.

CHARLES H. ALLEN,

Assistant Secretary of the Navy, newly appointed Governor of Porto Rico.

NO more attractive personality can be found in Washington public life than one the President has just sent out of it in Charles Herbert Allen, first Civil Governor of Porto Rico. A man of first-rate business ability, but not so absorbed in money-getting as to sacrifice his enjoyment of the fine arts; of an age to combine ripeness of judgment with the zest of living; with worldly means abundant for the gratification of a refined taste, but not enough to make him a target for envy on the one hand or mendicancy on the other; with a sound body and an elastic mind—the President could hardly have chosen a Governor who would impress the people of a newly acquired territory more favorably as a type of the American ideal in citizenship.

Mr. Allen was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1848, and was graduated at Amherst College in 1869. After several years of active business association with his father, a cotton manufacturer, he entered political life through the Massachusetts Legislature. Thence he came to Congress in 1885, but after two terms went back into business for a while. In 1891, much against his will, he was induced to head the Republican State ticket in Massachusetts, and was defeated by William E. Russell, who would have defeated any antagonist as conditions were then.

On the retirement of Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt from the Navy Department to enter the army for the Cuban war, the President asked Secretary Long what sort of a man he would like in Mr. Roosevelt's place.

"If I could get some one like Allen of Lowell," answered the Secretary, "I should be perfectly satisfied."

The President, who remembered Mr. Allen from the days of their joint service in Congress, promptly responded, "Why not Allen himself?" and an exchange of telegrams settled the matter within a few hours.

Mr. Allen came to his official desk without any expert knowledge of naval affairs; but his keen business instinct and quick perceptive powers enabled him to master the details of his task in a very little while; and his success has not only fully justified the expectations of his chief, but marked him as a man needed in the new colonial administrative corps about to be recruited.

One of Mr. Allen's special fancies is for old furniture of quaint pattern. He has therefore taken great delight in the table at which he has worked daily in Washington for nearly two years past. It was made for Gustavus Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy who served through the civil war, and who, oddly enough, was himself a Lowell man. This recalls another incident. Mr. Allen was invited once to Fredericksburg, Virginia, to attend a Masonic celebration, but on arriving was informed that the orator of the day had been sudenly disabled, and the committee appealed to him to make an address. Without any preparation, and inspired only by his good-nature, he consented much to everybody's satisfaction. During his visit he expressed his delight with some curious old pieces of cabinet-work in one of the Fredericksburg houses; and to his surprise he found some of the choicest specimens awaiting him at home on his return, a testimonial of appreciation from his late hosts.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

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No buffet should be without DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the great appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

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For the benefit of those desiring to visit Cincinnati during the session of the People's Party National Convention, May 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell tickets from all stations at the *rate of one first-class fare for the round trip.* Tickets will be sold and good going on May 7 only, and returning leaving Cincinnati not later than May 12.

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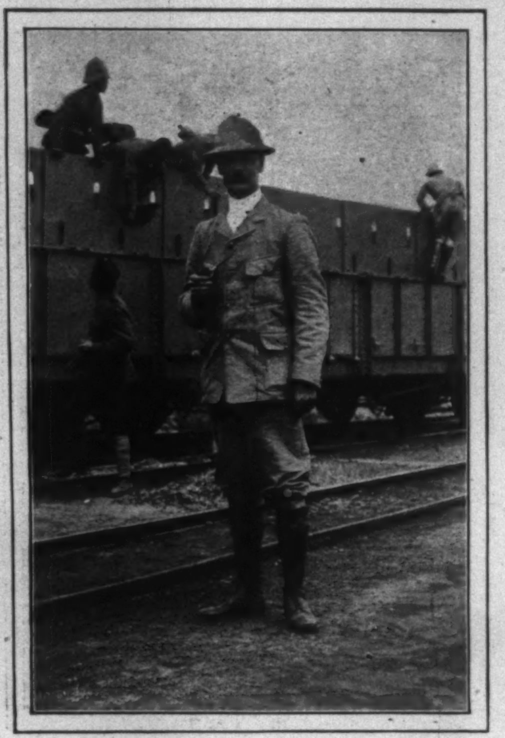


HORACE W. NICHOLLS.

OF the three young men whose portraits are here shown, two are American and one is an Englishman. Mr. A. J. Pierce is a Bostonian who went to the Philippines as a newspaper correspondent, and was the only newspaper man who went through the entire northern campaign from San Isidro to Vigan with Generals Lawton and Young. The photograph shows how he looked when he returned. During the campaign he remained most of the time with Lieutenant Batson and the Macabebe scouts. On one occasion, being the only white man with about a dozen of these native troops, and seeing a good opportunity, he led a charge against a body of intrenched insurgents and put them to flight.

Captain William E. Horton was made chief commissary of Lawton's division immediately after Major Howard's death, and accompanied General Lawton through the northern campaign. While with a party of twelve men he was attacked by 300 insurgents, and by his personal bravery in command of this squad he drove them off and carried a treasure-train through to Cabanatuan, a distance of twenty miles, to the nearest re-enforcement. For this he has been recommended for a medal of honor. Captain Horton was the only man left of General Hawkins's staff on July 1, 1898, at San Juan, Cuba, and charged the hill with the general. He was recommended for a brevet (lieutenant-colonel) by General Hawkins for conspicuous gallantry.

Mr. Horace W. Nicholls, the Englishman, had been a photographer for a number of years in Johannesburg, and when the war broke out he took his camera and other photographic materials and joined General Buller's army in Natal. Many of the photographs from South Africa that have appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY have been received from Mr. Nicholls.

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

MISS MARY E. WILKINS is one of the most delicate and finished of story-tellers. To careful and pleasing phrase she adds abundant humor. In *The Love of Parson Lord* (Harper & Brothers) she tells the story of a child distraught by the struggle between natural inclination and the habit of obedience backed by what used to be called in New England a wholesome fear. Her name was Love, and she was the Parson's daughter. She did not dare to possess a doll, because she had told a fib about it. She was enabled to get married only by a very ingenious artifice, to which she was far from being a party. She possessed the New England conscience, which is still highly commended by the *Evening Post* because it is understood to be opposed to the annexation of the Philippine Islands. This is one of a book of stories. Another sets forth the power of innocence over vice. A house-breaker is converted by a girl who welcomes him when he breaks in and offers him supper. All these things we consider to be possible and within the bounds of realism, a habit with which Miss Wilkins has been charged; but, further, we know them to be interesting, and that to us is much more, and we know them to be told with an art which diverts us and charms us, and which is sufficient to make writing excusable.

* * *

TWO volumes published by Macmillan & Co. contain Mr. Clement Scott's recollections of the drama during the last fifty years. We have always considered that Mr. Scott ought to recollect more drama, whether he really did or not, than any other person alive. He must have been to a million plays. He has the faculty of fulness, of abundance, in the manner of the presentation of his thought in regard to these matters. Two volumes is not much to cradle his overflowing reminiscence. Midway in his memories it should be that he remembers the elder Hackett, stuffed with pillows, drinking noisily a cup of sack, and Miss Bateman, in association with Mr. Irving, playing *Ophelia* as monotonously as it is probable that every other actress who has essayed to portray that unhappy lady has done. We have always suspected that *Ophelia*, in the nature of things as Shakspere established them, was not qualified to shine in *Hamlet's* presence. She is not allowed to talk as much as he does—a curious prohibition in the case of a lady. She is constrained to go about saying things of a gentle and forbearing nature—a restriction which we dare say she finds exceedingly irksome. Of course Mr. Scott recalls the days when Miss Terry played in the Crystal Palace matinées, which were attended by all the girls in the art-school, and when her name was not at all monstrous on the placard. Greatness arises sometimes suddenly and not always prematurely out of the years. There are two pictures of Mr. Scott in these volumes, and we should say that they are both excellent.

* * *

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who was the American minister to England during our civil war, had what may be called both an interesting and an awkward time. English critics, we believe, object to anybody saying that anybody had any sort of a "time," but we venture, at this distance, to say it, notwithstanding. It was a question whether there would be a recognition of the Confederacy by England and by France during our war. All the doubt and anxiety revolving upon that question are set forth in the life of Mr. Adams, written by his son of the same name and published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. There was a question about the *Alabama*, the Confederate cruiser, which is well known, but which is here detailed with much novelty and interest. Mr. Adams met with coldness in England. He had, however, a coldness of his own which seems to have been a sufficient offset to that which he encountered. There is no doubt that he could be as glacial as anybody. It is probable that Lord Palmerston was unwilling to take any extreme liberties with him, though he baited him occasionally. Mr. Adams really suffered from more anxiety than it is likely that he showed. We have never heard it charged that he ever revealed any extravagant emotion. He came out on top. To us Americans this is a very interesting biography. It is sensibly and admirably written.

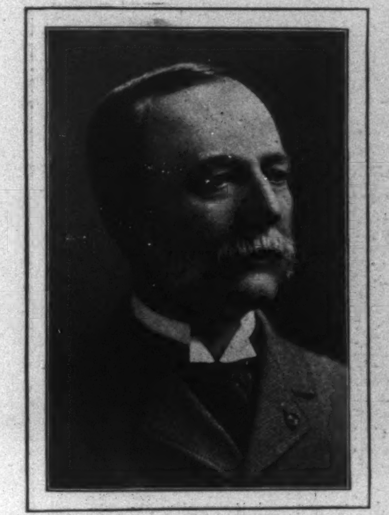
* * *

IN *A Manifest Destiny*, by Julia Magruder (Harper & Brothers), we have the story of a woman who was as beautiful as Venus and who meant well. She had an abundance of vanity, which she kept fairly well under control. She had two husbands, but there is little doubt that she could have had ten if she had wished. Men proposed to her on sight. Among other things, they were fascinated by her conversation, specimens of which are, of course, here afforded. She was made happy after a trial in matrimony which was not altogether creditable to her. We like to have heroines in fiction come out happy. In the actual world there is so much of misgoing in the matter of happiness, in spite of beauty or of the most irreproachable intentions, that we are glad to turn to the records of fiction for relief. Here the heroine, finding that she was not happy with an old man, is permitted to wed a young one. Not only that, but the spiritual nature of the old man was all that is objectionable, while the young man spiritually was all that could be desired. We well know—and it is curious enough—that women persist in making these mistakes. It is a fact, moreover, that they are not a whit worse than the men, who make mistakes precisely as bad. It is to fiction that we look for the correction of the melancholy which these unfortunate facts involve.

* * *

THE complaint of the multitude of outsiders in the Transvaal has been that they suffer from oppressive taxation and from other causes. There may be reasons why men who have established themselves in a certain place of abode, and who feel themselves wronged there, do not adopt the simple method of relief of going somewhere else. If people pay most of the taxes in any place, it ought to be the fact that they own most of the property. Naturally, people do not like to go away from anywhere and leave their property behind them. If people who have obtained and developed the gold-mines in the Transvaal, and whose fortune is comprehended in them, find themselves outraged by the Transvaal government, and are asked why, if they are discontented, they do not go away, they refuse, in the words of Artemus Ward, to see the thing in that light. Perhaps they were invited to come with their capital and their skill and their industry to develop the mines and to create in the country so great and profitable a city as Johannesburg. Perhaps it was foreseen that they could make in the Transvaal what is called the wealth of a country, and desired that they should so do. Perhaps, finding themselves paying four-fifths of the taxes, and feeling themselves to be the props and sinews of the state, they desired to have some voice in the disposition of affairs. Men are thus arrogant. Perhaps they felt that the government under which they lived and tried to thrive was too much centred in its powerful and pious President. Perhaps they wanted cement at a cheaper rate than was possible under the duty imposed. They were notorious builders, and needed cement in the process of their busy operations. Perhaps they wanted dynamite more cheaply than the government would allow it to be obtained. They needed dynamite in the work which they had been invited to come to Africa to do, and they did not like to have it made by a government edict as valuable as the gold for which they delved. Men are thus narrow and selfish. Moreover, perhaps these people had come to Africa to stay. Perhaps they desired to vote, and little things like that. Perhaps they wished to assure the future of their children, according to certain ideas to which they had become accustomed, and found themselves prevented. Should they pack up and go away? The question is an interesting one. The Boers themselves had done as much when the English liberated their slaves and otherwise interfered with them. We ourselves did as much when we migrated to this country because of an obnoxious fashion of proceedings in church. In *The Story of the Boers*, by C. W. Van der Hoogt, published under authority of the South-African republics (Harper & Brothers), the reader may find the Boer side of the question. Here it is said that "the taxes levied on the Uitlanders are exactly the same as those levied on the burghers, and if the former paid more it only shows that they soon became possessed of more assessable property." This we should consider to be an absolutely unassailable statement, calculated to edify economists. It is said that dynamite costs about as much in the English possessions as it does in the Boer possessions. Letters between the British and Boer governments are reproduced here, and there is a quotation from Olive Schreiner, which is written with art and strength. Our sympathies may be as they may. The question undoubtedly is as to which people is going to rule.

They hate each other, they compliment each other, they are fighting each other, and one or the other will have the say.



Frank W. Hackett

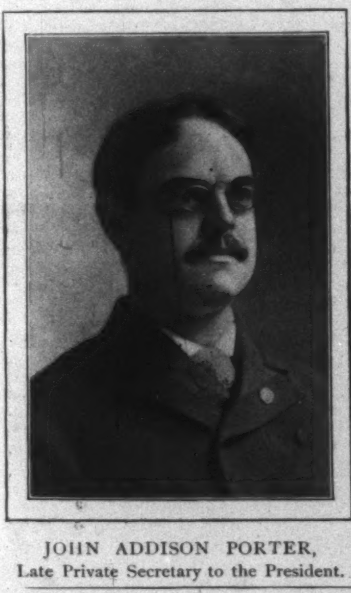
A PECULIAR instance of the office seeking the man, and the man accepting the office on the sole condition that he shall not be required to serve more than a year, is that of the appointment of Frank W. Hackett to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Hackett had given no consideration to the idea of holding office under the Federal government. He was practising law in Washington, where he had been living for twenty-five years; but Secretary Long, a fellow-graduate of Harvard and a warm personal friend, made a special point of having him for an assistant during the remainder of President McKinley's term, in the place of Mr. Allen, just commissioned as Governor of Porto Rico; and with the understanding already mentioned, Mr. Hackett consented.

The new Assistant Secretary was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and finished his university course the summer that the civil war began. Like other young men of that day, he became imbued with the war spirit, but his taste led him toward the navy rather than the army, and in the following year he became an assistant paymaster in the Union fleet operating in the North Atlantic. He saw some spirited fighting at that time, being on the *Miami* when she had her engagement with the Confederate ram *Albemarle.* After the war he resigned his commission and studied law; and presently his professional work called him to Washington so often that, although retaining technically a residence at Newcastle, New Hampshire, he found it more convenient to make the capital city his chief headquarters.

In 1872, Caleb Cushing, one of the American counsel before the tribunal which arbitrated the *Alabama* claims at Geneva, took Mr. Hackett with him as his private secretary. In the midst of his task the young man's health broke down, and for a time he was threatened with the necessity of giving up his career; but a good natural constitution and very careful habits enabled him to weather this trouble.

Mr. Hackett's interest in naval affairs, whetted by his brief period of sea-service, was further increased by his marriage; the Craven family, from which Mrs. Hackett comes, has a notable record in the navy, and four members are to-day on the active list.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.



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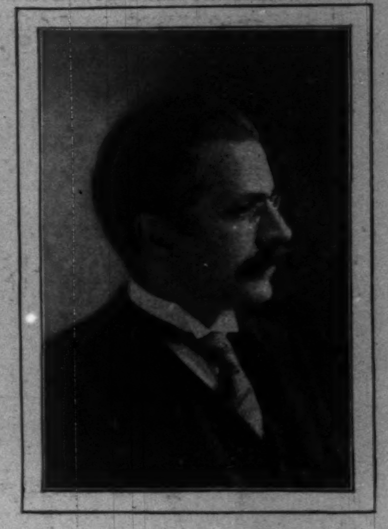


GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Newly appointed Private Secretary to the President.

England's Colonials

AUSTRALIA and Canada have led the way in the present war to the welding together of the English colonies into a veritable empire, and the strength of the imperialistic ideas that marked the ceremonies of the Queen's jubilee a few years ago has been tested and proved in the face of the world. New Zealand's offer of troops enough to conduct the war in South Africa to relieve the imperial soldiers, if needed to fight England's battles against a European enemy, is an indication of the enthusiasm that the colonies have for the mother-country when evil days come. Canada has sacrificed some of her best blood for the cause of the empire, and she has poured regiment after regiment into the Dark Continent to show to the world that her imperialistic belief was not a theory.

The mingling together of the colonial troops on the battle-field gives food for much thought, and even Tommy is willing to take second place to the New-Zealanders, Australians, and Canadians. The last are uppermost in the field, and their presence causes more admiration and enthusiasm than the Guards or Gordon Highlanders. A body-guard from all the colonial forces has even been formed by Lord Roberts, and the pick of all the troopers in South Africa will go to make up this body. When it is remembered that early in the war the offers of aid by the colonies was accepted with poor grace, and in some instances refused, this spectacle is peculiarly interesting. It shows how the fortunes of war will often revolutionize existing conditions, and bring to the surface sentiments and alliances never dreamed of before. It would have been a blow to British pride to have predicted at the outbreak of hostilities that the colonial troopers would go to South Africa, and show the imperial soldiers how to fight the kind of warfare that was necessary for the subjugation of the Boers.

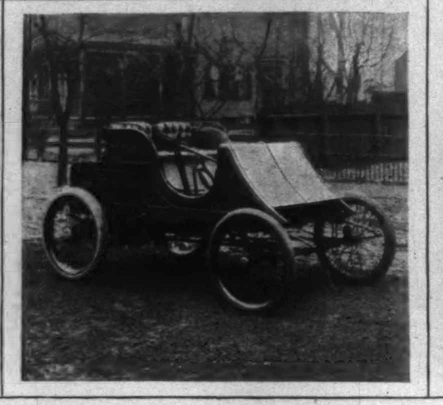
Yet it has been the Natal troopers, the Canadian rough-riders, the Australian cavalry, and the New Zealand scouts that have set the examples which the imperial troopers are now following. The colonials were rough-riders, daring scouts, good shots, and accustomed to the kind of warfare the Boers delighted to carry on, and when they landed on the South-African veldt they were at home. They were more mobile than the Boers, more subject to discipline, and more self-reliant as single fighting units. They would not storm rocks and bowlders behind which the enemy lay with guns and rifles ready to destroy them, but they would attack in the rear, execute flank movements, harry the enemy on every side, drive away their cattle, and make raids upon their provision-trains and stores.

All of this Tommy recognizes and accepts with grace to-day, and the fraternizing of the two speaks well for the future of the empire. In a European war the imperial troops could teach the colonial soldiers lessons that they are ignorant of, and their manœuvres and scientific execution of strategical plans on a large scale would probably decide the fate of the enemy. The South-African campaign is simply a different kind of warfare from that which the French and Germans waged, and England's imperial troops are learning their lesson from past masters in the service. The seasoned veterans of the war will have every reason to be grateful to the colonials, who, as rough-riders, scouts, raiders, and cavalrymen, have performed signal service for the empire.

G. E. W.

"The New York Central Leads the World."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

GETTING UNDER WAY FOR THE RACE, APRIL 16.



THE WINTON CARRIAGE—WHICH IS TO RACE IN FRANCE.

THE WINNING CARRIAGE IN THE RACE OF APRIL 16.

Racing Automobiles

THREE hundred and thirty-five kilometres (209 miles) in 4 hours, 46 minutes, and 57 seconds, an average of 42 miles an hour. Not much of a record, perhaps, for a railway train, but pretty high speed for a motor-car propelled along a macadamized road instead of steel rails. Indeed, a wonderful achievement, when one comes to think it over. Forty-two miles an hour is really excellent running for a locomotive, and the engineer has nothing to do but to keep one hand on the reversing-lever and the other on the air-brake. He does not have to guide the fiery monster that he is riding—the rails take care of that. But the racing automobilist has to be steersman as well as engineer, and he must have steady nerves and iron muscles to keep a big racing motor-car in the straight line of safety. A sudden lurch, an unforeseen obstacle, a breaking of some important part of the machinery, and the worst may happen. A dangerous amusement, but with that risk which fascinates the devotees of this modern sport of kings.

The record noted above was made by M. Rene de Kuyff, a noted French chauffeur, in the recent "Circuit de Sud-Ouest" road race at Pau. It may be added that one stretch of 34½ miles was covered in 33½ minutes, and at the finish the daring stoker was running at full 50 miles an hour. M. de Kuyff used a tricycle fitted with a gasoline-motor rated at sixteen horse-power.

Automobile-racing in France has been a fashionable amusement for several years, and while M. de Kuyff at present holds the blue ribbon, it may not be for long, for the sport has become a perfect craze with *tout Paris*, and fabulous sums are given by enthusiasts for a racing-machine of approved merit, the same as with fast horses. For example, the winning vehicle in the Tour de France contest was sold for $13,000, its original cost being $2000. M. Charron, another famous chauffeur, is reported to have paid $7000 for the machine which he intends to enter for the forth-coming International Cup race, and almost any money would be given for a machine guaranteed to win for its owner the James Gordon Bennett Cup, the grand prize of automotordom.

Auto-racing in France dates back to 1894, when a run was made between Paris and Rouen. The race was won by a de Dion-Bouton steam-carriage, the average speed being about 20 kilometres an hour.

In June, 1895, the first Paris-Bordeaux race (1180 kilometres) was run off, M. Levassor winning with a petroleum-driven automobile. The average attained was a trifle over 24 kilometres an hour. Finally, in the Versailles-Bordeaux race last year, one stage without stop, the mean velocity attained by the winner, M. Charron, on the total run of 565 kilometres, was 48.770 kilometres. On certain quite lengthy stretches of the course the mean speed passed 60, and at some points reached even 70 to 80 kilometres an hour. His petroleum-driven carriage weighed about a ton, and carried an equipoise motor of from twelve to fifteen horse-power.

Here in the United States motor-car racing is still in its infancy. Mr. Alexander Winton holds the long-distance record, with a run from Cleveland to New York in 47 hours and 34 minutes. On Saturday, April 16, the first regular road race was held by the Automobile Club of America, the course being the Merrick Road on Long Island from Springfield to Babylon. The winner was Mr. A. S. Riker, who covered the distance of 50 miles in 2 hours and 3½ minutes. Mr. Riker drove a specially built electric, and he made the run without accident. Mr. Riker is himself a practical designer and constructor of electric wagons, and his experience helped him to get the best possible results out of his carriage. Mr. W. A. Tangerman, in a gasoline-tricycle, made the course in 1 hour and 58 minutes, but he was not eligible as a contestant.

The first annual race for the Bennett Cup is to be held in France on June 14, under the auspices of the A. C. F.—the Automobile Club of France. All the foreign clubs recognized by the Automobile Club of France are entitled to be represented in the race, but not more than three cars may start for any one club. The United States will be represented by three contestants, one of them being Mr. Alexander Winton, of Cleveland, Ohio.

The machine he will use is a specially constructed gasoline-driven carriage, and it looks very unlike the gigantic racers which the French contestants are putting into commission. It possesses about a ten horse-power, while the foreign contestants are of fifty horse-power.

The race will be run over the course between Paris and Lyons. The distance is 550 kilometres, or 385.5 miles.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

MR. DOOLEY*

XXIII.—ON MR. SHELDON'S NEWSPAPER.

"I SEE," said Mr. Dooley, "that th' la-ad out in Kansas that thried to r-run a paper like a Christyan wud, if he had to live in Topeka, has thrun up th' job."

"Sure, I niver heerd iv him," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, 'twas this way with him," Mr. Dooley explained. "Ye see, he didn't like th' looks iv th' newspapers. He got tired iv r-readin' how many rows iv plaits Mrs. Potther-Pammer had on th' las' dhress she bought, an' whether McGovern oughtn't to go into th' heavy-weight class an' fight Jeffereys, an' he says, says th' la-ad, 'This is no right readin' f'r th' pure an' passionless youth iv Kansas,' he says. 'Give me,' he says, 'a chanst, an' I'll projooce th' kind iv organ that 'd be got out in hiven,' he says. 'Price five cints a copy,' he says, 'f'r sale be all newsdealers; f'r advertisin' rates consult th' cashier,' he says. So a man in Topeka that had a newspaper, he says, 'I will not be behindhand,' he says, 'in h'istin' Kansas up fr'm its prisint low an' irreligious position,' he says. 'I don't know how th' inhabitants iv th' place ye refer to is fixed,' he says, 'f'r newspapers,' he says, 'an' I niver heerd iv annybody fr'm Kansas home-stakin' there,' he says, 'but if ye'll attind to th' circulation iv thim parts,' he says, 'I'll see that th' paper is properly placed in th' hands iv th' vile an' wicked iv this earth, where,' he says, 'th' returns ar-re more quick,' he says.

"Well, th' la-ad wint at it, an' 'twas a fine paper he made. Hogan was in here th' other day with a copy iv it an' I r-read it. I haven't had such a lithry threat since I was a watchman on th' canal f'r a week with nawthin' to r-read but th' delinquent tax list an' th' upper half iv a weather map. 'Twas gran'. Th' editor, it seems, Hinnissy, wint into th' editoryal-rooms iv th' pa-per an' he gathered th' force around him fr'm their reg-lar jobs in th' dhrug-stores, an' says he, 'Gintlemen,' he says, 'tell me ye'er plans f'r to enoble this here Christyan publication f'r to-day!' he says. 'Well,' says th' horse reporther, 'they's a couple iv rabbits goin' to sprint around th' thrack at th' fair-groun's,' he says. 'I think 'twud be a good thing f'r relligion if ye'd lind me tin that I might br-reak th' sin-thralled bookys that come down here fr'm Kansas City f'r to skin th' righteous,' he says. 'No,' says th' editor, he says, 'no horse-racin' in this paper,' he says. ''Tis th' roonation iv th' young, an' ye can't beat it,' he says. 'An' you, fair-haired youth,' he says, 'what d'ye do that makes ye'er color so good an' ye'er eye so bright?' 'I,' says th' la-ad, 'am th' boy that writes th' fightin' dope,' he says. 'They'se a couple iv good wans on at th' op'ra-house to-night, an' if his spiklets don't tin-can 'tis like findin' money in an ol' coat that—' 'Fightin',' says th' editor, 'is a crool an' onchristyan spoort,' he says. 'Insted iv chroniclin' th' ruffyanism iv these misguided wretches that weigh in at th' ring-side at 125 poun's, an' I see in a pa-aper I r-read in a barber shop th' other day that Spike's gone away back—what's that I'm sayin'? Niver mind. D'ye go down to th' home iv th' Rivrind Aloysius Augustus Morninbinch an' interview him on th' question iv man's co-operation with grace in conversion. Make a nice chatty article about it, an' I'll give ye a copy iv wan iv me books.' 'I will,' says th' la-ad, 'if he don't swing on me,' he says. The editor thin addhressed th' staff: 'Gintlemen,' he says, 'I find that th' wurruk ye've been accustomed to doin',' he says, 'is calc'lated f'r to disthroy th' morality an' debase th' home life iv Topeka, not to mintion th' surroundin' methrolopuses iv Valencia, Wanamaker, Sugar Works, Paxico, an' Snokomo,' he says. 'Th' newspaper, instead iv bein' a pow'rful agent f'r th' salvation iv mankind, has become something that they want to r-read,' he says. 'Ye can all go home,' he says. 'I'll stay here an' write th' paper mesilf,' he says. 'I'm th' best writer ar-round here, annyhow, an' I'll give thim something that 'll prepare thim f'r death,' he says.

"An' he did, Hinnissy, he did. 'Twas a gran' paper. They was an article on sewerage an' wan on prayin' f'r rain' an' another on muni-cipal ownership iv gas-tanks, an' wan to show that they niver was a good milker ownded be a pro-fane man. They was pomes, too, many iv thim, an' fine wans, 'Th' Man with th' Shovel,' 'Th' Man with th' Pick,' 'The Man with th' Cash Register,' 'Th' Man with th' Snow Plough,' 'Th' Man with th' Bell Punch,' 'Th' Man with th' Skate,' 'Th' Man with No Kick Comin'.' Fine poethry, th' editor askin' who pushed this here man's forehead back an' planed down his chin, who made him wear clothes that didn't fit him, and got him a job raisin' egg-plant f'r th' monno-polists in Topeka at a dollar a day. A man in th' editor's position ought to know, but he didn't, so he ast in th' pomes. An' th' advertisin', Hinnissy! I'd be scandalized f'r to go back readin' th' common advertisin' in th' vile daily press about men's pantings, an Doesannyoneknowwherelcangeta biscuit, an' In th' spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to Pocohontas plug, not made be th' thrusts. Th' editor left thim sacrilegious advertisements f'r his venal contimp'raries. His was pious an' nice: 'Do ye'er smokin' in this wurruld. Th' Christyan Unity Five-cint See-gar is made out iv th' finest grades iv excelsior iver projooced in Kansas.' 'Nebuchednezzar grass seed, f'r man an' beast,' an' so on. 'Twas nice to r-read. It made a man feel as if he was in church—asleep.

"Ye see, Hinnissy, th' editor wint to th' wrong shop f'r what Hogan calls his inspiration. Father Kelly was talkin' it over with me, an' says he: 'They ain't anny news in bein' good. Ye might write th' doin's iv all th' convents iv th' wurruld an th' back iv a postage-stamp, an' have room to spare. Supposin' ye took out iv a newspaper all th' murdhers, an' suicides, an' divorces, an' elopements, an fires, an' disease, an' war, an' famine,' he says, 'ye wuddent have enough left to keep a man busy r-readin' while he rode ar-roun' th' block on th' lightnin' express. No,' he says, 'news is sin an' sin is news. A religious newspaper? None iv thim f'r me. I want to know what's goin' on among th' murdher an' burglary set. Did ye r-read it?' he says.

"'I did,' says I.

"'What did ye think iv it?' says he.

"'I know,' says I, 'why more people don't go to church,' says I."

F. P. DUNNE.

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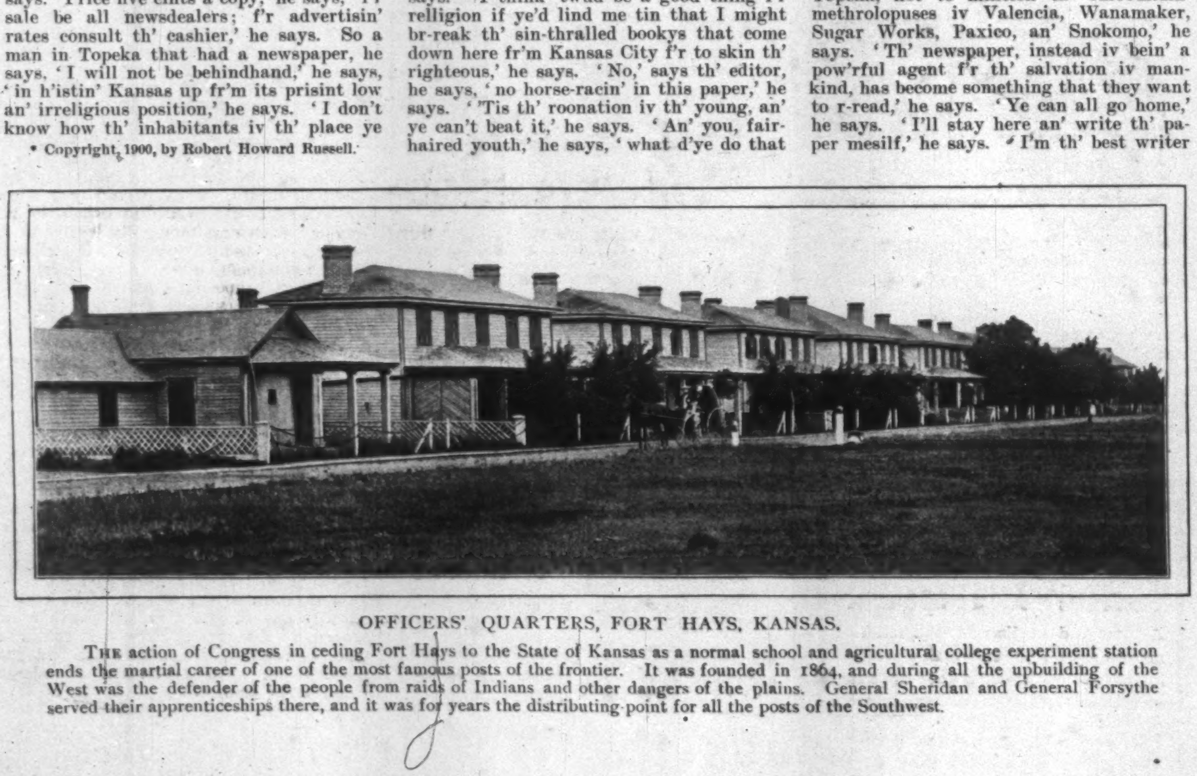
* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORT HAYS, KANSAS.

THE action of Congress in ceding Fort Hays to the State of Kansas as a normal school and agricultural college experiment station ends the martial career of one of the most famous posts of the frontier. It was founded in 1864, and during all the upbuilding of the West was the defender of the people from raids of Indians and other dangers of the plains. General Sheridan and General Forsythe served their apprenticeships there, and it was for years the distributing-point for all the posts of the Southwest.

FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

A DISTURBANCE was lately produced in the New York stock-market by the sudden announcement that twelve mills of the American Steel and Wire Company had been shut down, and by the explanation of that proceeding given by the chairman of the company, who had just come to New York from Chicago, where the headquarters of the corporation are situated. These mills are at Pittsburg, Cleveland, Joliet, Waukegan, and in the neighborhood of Chicago. Mr. Gates declared that this action, of which there had been no previous intimation, was taken on account of over-production and a lowering of prices, and said that the business was "in bad shape" and growing worse. This he attributed in part to the strikes in the building trades, and a consequent accumulation of stock, and to a diminished demand for barbed wire. There were plain intimations that the whole steel and iron business was being overdone, and that prices could not be maintained.

Coming after a constant series of favorable reports regarding this industry, the sudden action of the company in closing mills, and the depressing statements of its chairman, produced a demoralizing effect, and were very commonly attributed to stock-jobbing designs on the part of the Chicago men, aided by speculators in Wall Street. The common stock of the American Steel and Wire Company broke from 51 to 42¼, and the preferred from 85 to 80½, with heavy sales. Reports of a possible contest between that corporation and the Federal Steel Company were afloat, and the shares of the latter suffered almost as much. There was also a heavy decline in kindred stocks dealt in on the Exchange, including National Steel, Steel Hoop, Tin Plate, and Tennessee Coal and Iron. The effect did not stop here, but spread through the industrial list, and even depressed railroad stocks. It was an illustration of the effect of sympathy in the stock-market, which was made feverish and irregular for some days, with a general disposition to sell at declining prices.

All this occurred in spite of denials that there was any reaction in the general iron and steel industries, or any over-production or serious break in prices. It was admitted, however, that orders had been holding back in the expectation of some recession from the high prices occasioned by the unusual demands and intense activity of the past year. There seems to have been some slight relaxing of the tension, and the wire and nail business of the company which caused the disturbance had felt it most; but most of the works still report active business, with prices well maintained and good prospects for the future. There was nothing in the actual situation to affect railroads unfavorably, and the reports still show increased earnings. It is to be remembered that comparisons are made with the corresponding periods of last year, and that in the mean time freight rates have been somewhat increased by the revised classifications. Still, actual volume of business seems to have continued on the increase, and there is difficulty in supplying cars for the traffic. There has been some disturbance of rates on Western roads by the cutting of the "Soo route" (Sault Sainte Marie) and its Canada connections.

Apart from the flurry produced by the sinister performance of the Steel Company, the stock-market was not seriously disturbed by adverse influences. The local traction stocks were irregular, but there was nothing new in the situation. The Metropolitan-Third Avenue combination proceeding quietly to consummation, the work of extension has been taken up, and the Manhattan Elevated is beginning to prepare for a change of motive power, from steam to electricity. Subcontracts for sections of the tunnel of the Underground rapid-transit system have been let, and the work of excavating is expected to begin in May. The Rapid Transit Commission now has authority from the Legislature to tunnel under the East River and extend the system beyond the limits of Manhattan.

The general monetary situation is unchanged. The New York banks have been gaining in resources from disbursements of the Sub-Treasury on account of premiums on the refunded bonds, and have increased their loans, while the reserves have at the same time been strengthened. The new bank-notes are also getting into circulation, and the condition of the money-market has been one of increasing ease. The general rates for loans have been three per cent. on call, and three and one-half and four per cent. for sixty to ninety days' time. Actually, as well as relatively, rates for money have been lower in New York than in London, where the market is under some stress on account of the attitude of the Bank of England, which in managing the government loan and disbursements is compelled to withhold funds from the commercial community that are in demand. This keeps up discount rates. One result is that British speculative investment in American securities are carried largely on this side, where money is cheap, and American credit is used to some extent to relieve the situation in London, where there is, in fact, a restricted supply of currency. Though rates of exchange are well maintained, there has been no pressure for the shipment of gold, notwithstanding the close money-market in London, though small amounts have been sent to South America on English account. Doubtless the assurance that gold can be had from here when wanted prevents any undue anxiety in London.

A constitutional amendment has been proposed in Congress, giving the national government full power over "trusts," and some radical amendments of the Sherman law have been introduced, but this seems to be regarded as a political move, and no action is apprehended.

Young and Old Generals

THIS has been called the age of young men so often that the impression prevails in some quarters that a man past twoscore and ten is of little further use in the vigorous activities of life; but some interesting data about the South-African campaign seem to reverse this order of things so far as army officers are concerned. In the war of our rebellion young officers were notoriously active at the front, and many of them were charged with important commands before they were thirty-five. This was due partly to the fact that they showed a remarkable aptitude for commanding, and they rose rapidly from the ranks. Promotion in the English army is slower and less assured, and most of the generals and commanding officers are men beyond the middle mark of a century. Lord Roberts is the oldest officer, and is now fast approaching the allotted limit of man's life. His sixty-eight years rest lightly upon his shoulders, however, and his next officer in respect to age, General White of besieged Ladysmith fame, who is sixty-five, looks as old as "little Bobs."

There is quite a remarkable grouping of famous English generals in South Africa whose ages correspond closely to the age of sixty. General Warren and General Kelly-Kenny are sixty, General Buller sixty-one, and General Clery sixty-two. Those under sixty and over fifty also furnish an interesting group. General Kitchener heads this list as the youngest, having just rounded the half-century mark, with General Lord Methuen coming next in the upward scale, with fifty-five years to his credit, and General Gatacre, with his fifty-seven years. General French is the youngest of this list of commanding generals on the British side, but even he will soon cross the half-century mark, with forty-eight years behind him.

On the Boer side we find the same relatively old officers in command. General Cronje, the "Lion of South Africa," is considerably over sixty, but like all the Boers, he carries his age as if he were fifty. The late Commander-in-Chief of the Boer army, General Joubert, was sixty-eight, and, like Cronje, he was as active as a young man in trekking across the veldt or directing his men at the front of a fight. President Kruger's seventy-five years sit so lightly upon him that he has often been held up as a sample of the vigorous old men of the Transvaal. President Steyn of the Free State is a younger man than either of these, but he is a man past middle life. General Schalk-Burger, whose operations along the border of the eastern Transvaal won for him an enviable reputation, is over sixty. Thus the ages of the opposing commanding generals in South Africa are well advanced and pretty evenly balanced. It is not a war conducted by young men, but rather one that is engineered by those who have passed the age limit where some seem to think that a man's usefulness ceases. This data need not be used as an argument to discourage young men from pressing forward to high commands in the army, but it may be of value in showing that the world of warfare has not been turned over entirely to the young men. How fiercely and stubbornly the older generals can contest every inch of ground has been pretty well illustrated by recent events in South Africa. But then equally good illustrations could be cited to show that younger generals can fight with equal valor and determination, for Sheridan was only thirty-three, Grant forty, Stonewall Jackson thirty-seven, and Sherman forty-four when they were engaged in their fierce campaigns of the rebellion.

G. E. W.

Financial

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By the addition of the "Pennsylvania" to its fleet of steamers between Cape Charles and Norfolk, the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad Company has greatly improved its service and insured beyond peradventure the integrity of its schedule between New York, Philadelphia, and the South.

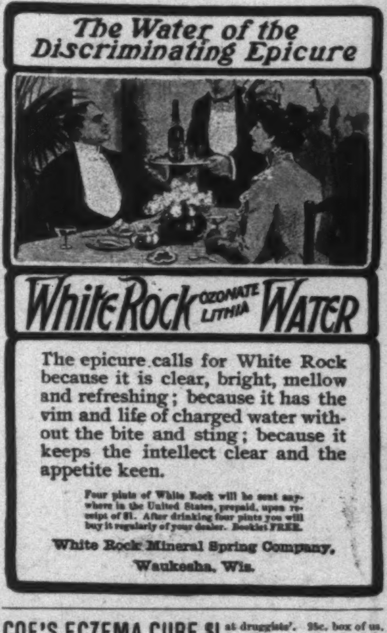
This new boat has proven itself to be the fastest passenger steamer on the Chesapeake Bay, and has cut eight minutes from the schedule between Norfolk and Old Point Comfort, a distance of twelve miles. It has shown that it can maintain easily a speed of twenty-two miles an hour, with a full passenger list and a complete cargo.

The "Pennsylvania" was built at Roach's shipyard, Chester. It is 258 feet in length, 40 feet across the beam, and has the exceedingly light draught of 9½ feet when fully loaded. It is propelled by two quadruple expansion engines with an aggregate of 3400 horse-power.

The accommodations for passengers are commodious and comfortable. They are finished in a white-and-gold effect, except the lobby, which is finished in mahogany. The main saloon, carpeted with rich velvet, and furnished with handsome upholstery, presents a very attractive appearance. The ladies' parlor and the large dining-room are also appreciated features of the steamer's careful construction. A comfortable smoking-room and a well-stocked and inviting buffet are provided for the accommodation of male passengers.

The "Pennsylvania" has been placed in commission and is now performing regular service between Cape Charles and Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. In addition to its complete passenger facilities, it has also a freight capacity equal to demands, especial provision having been made for the transportation of perishable freight.

In adding this fast and handsome new boat, the time between New York, Philadelphia and the South, via the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad's "Cape Charles Route," has been materially reduced.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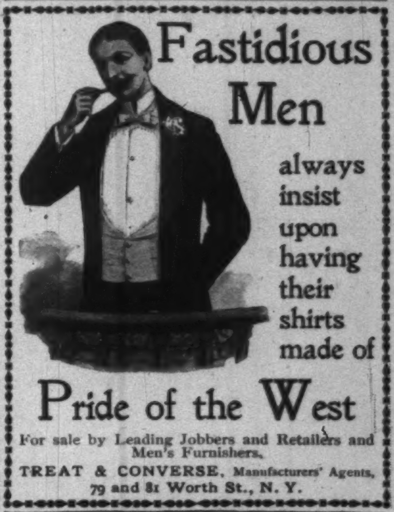
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